

THE GOAT

“A” “H” “Q” “B”

ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

PRICE 10 CENTS

Published at St. Johns, P.Q.

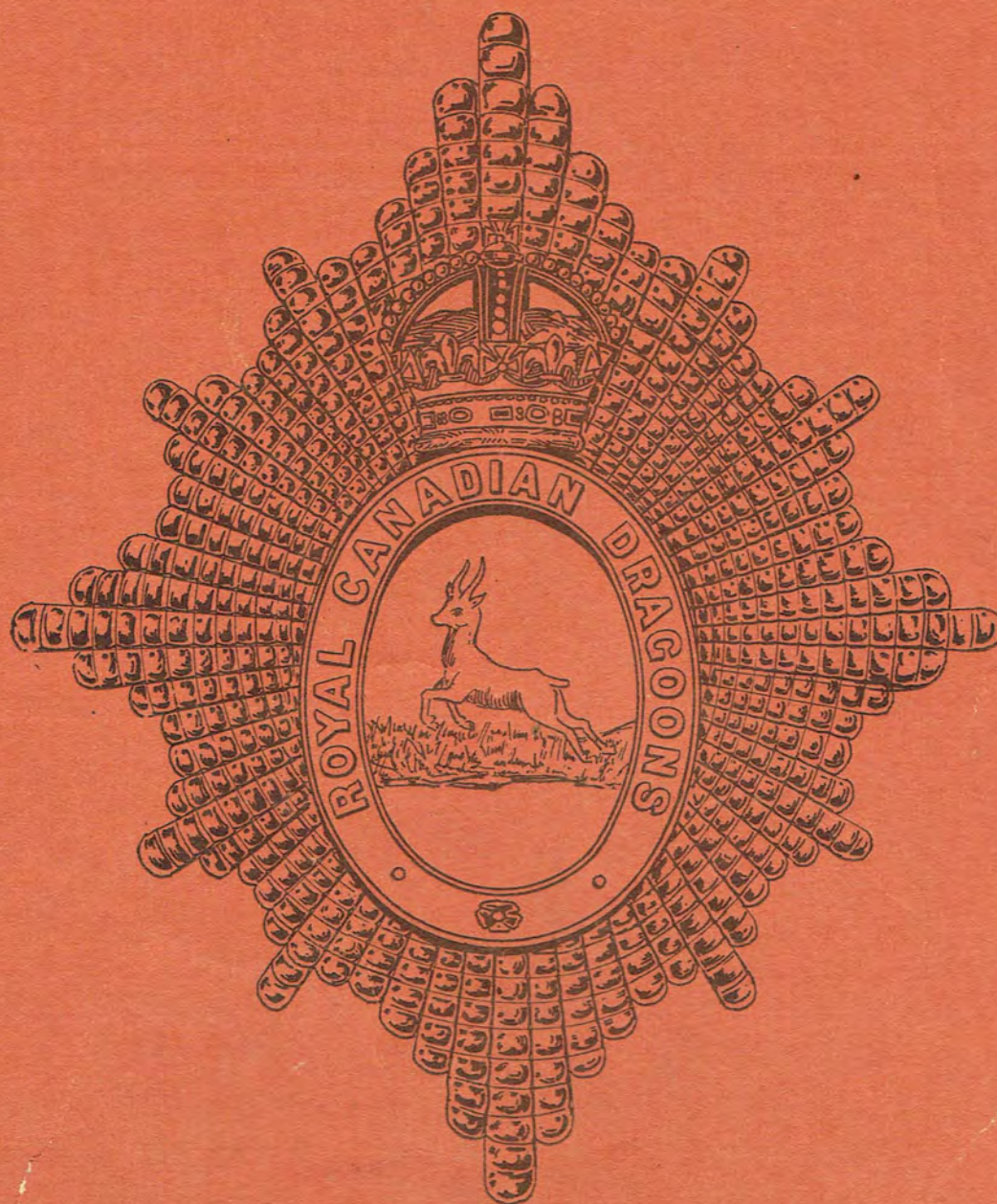
Yearly Subscription, \$1.00.

With the Permission of Lt. Col. W. H. Bell, D.S.O.

STANLEY BARRACKS,
TORONTO,
ONT.

JULY 17th, 1925.

CAVALRY BARRACKS,
ST. JOHNS.
P.Q.





HAWKES & CO., Limited

Established 1771

Tailors and Military Outfitters
Cap and Accoutrement Manufacturers

By Special Appointment to The Royal Canadian Dragoons
and other units of the Dominion Services

Our Representative visits the chief centres of the Dominion Annually

1 Savile Row, London, England

CABLEGRAMS: "Captaincy, Piccy, London"

(Late of 14 Piccadilly)

Estimates sent on application

MONARCH BOTTLING WORKS

ED. MENARD, Prop.

Manufacturer of Ginger Ale, Cream Soda and
Mineral Water, &c., &c.

On Sale at the R. C. D. Canteen.

St. Johns Beer Depot.

FRONTENAC BREWERIES LTD.

The English Ale at its best, and the Troopers favourite,
supplied to the R. C. D. Canteen by

ED. MENARD. Agent.

Telephone 181.

2, Jacques Cartier Street.



EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor

Capt. and Bt. Major R. Nordheimer, M.C.,
Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, P.Q.

Assistant Editors:

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Sgt. T. Sheehy.

Advertising:

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Cpl. A. Lacerte.

Sub Staff:

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Cpl. E. Desnoyers, Tpr. Wheeler.

Stanley Barracks, Toronto, Major E. A. Hethrington.

Stanley Barracks, Toronto, Lt. and Bt. Capt. J. Wood.

Stanley Barracks, Toronto, Sgt. T. Doran.

Advertising rates on application. Contributions invited.
Cutting from other papers must bear the name of the paper from which they are taken.

CONTENTS

	Page		Page
Editorial	1	Strike Definitions	12
Major-General Victor A. S. Williams	2	"A" Squadron Notes from Cape Breton	15
Dance at the Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns	3	"B" Squadron Notes	16
The Late Field Marshall French	4	With "B" Squadron, R.C.D., at Sydney Mines, N.S.	18
Hotchkiss Machine Gun Competition	5	Correspondence	19
Notes of Interest from Glace Bay	5	Sports	20
What Brought It About	6	The Situation in the Pacific (Continued)	20
A Visit to Rum Row	8	Bran Mash	22
From St. Johns to Sydney with "A" Squadron	10		

Editorial.

Owing to the hurried departure of the troops for Cape Breton on strike duty, the June issue of "The Goat" was published under a severe handicap. With all available records hundreds of miles away the publication of a paper presents many difficulties, but we thought in fairness to our advertisers and subscribers an effort should be made. That the last issue was as good as it was is due largely to the able manner in which Sgt. Harris collected copy at St. Johns and the co-operation of the News Publishing Company.

This issue is printed with the editorial staff still away, and the copy it contains was gleaned under the most difficult circumstances. We trust our subscribers and advertisers will appreciate the fact that we are doing our best and that they will overlook any errors of omission and commission.

This is essentially a "Mine

Area number, and no doubt the reading matter it contains will be of considerable interest to many who have never visited Cape Breton during a strike.

To an outsider the question as to which side is right and which is wrong is unanswerable. After hearing the miners' side of the problem one is convinced that the Company is an octopus, strangling the very souls of its employees. After hearing the Company end, one is convinced that the miners are a dissatisfied lot of money-grabbers, Reds and Bolsheviks.

The whole problem is one that will take the coolest and wisest heads in the Province to solve, but that it will be solved here can be no doubt. The continuance of present conditions is unthinkable; it is a national calamity and its effect will be felt, not only in Nova Scotia, but throughout the width and breadth of Canada.

One school of thought sees the solution in the increase of sales and consequent increase in production. They blame the Company and the tariff for the loss of the

markets. They may be right in their contentions, but even in 1909 when the markets were good strikes occurred. There does not seem to be any grounds for soreness against our American competitors. They stepped in when our market was bare through continuous cessation of work and loss of output. Nor can one blame the Canadian consumers. Large industrial manufacturers, railway companies, and steamship lines must have a guaranteed supply of coal and the Dominion Coal Co. has not been in a position since the war to supply them continuously. Even the greatest patriot will buy in the cheapest market, and if, as seems quite probable, our Yankee competitors are in a position to offer him coal at reduced rates and on long contracts, his business instincts overcome his patriotism.

If there had been no strikes since 1920 in all likelihood we should still have control of the markets, and no matter from which angle one views the three deplorable strikes, someone must have been to blame. We sincerely trust

that the settlement, when it does come, will be a lasting one, and that this great maritime province will settle down to forget the past and reap the benefits which nature has so amply endowed her with beneath the surface.

We do not disguise the fact that we prefer to be elsewhere during the summer months, and there is no duty more difficult to perform by all ranks of the Permanent Force than that "In Aid of the Civil Power."

That we have avoided all unpleasant incidents and done our duty is to the credit of all concerned, and when we leave, which we fervently pray will be in the near future, we trust that both the miners of Cape Breton and the Besco will remember the Royal Canadian Dragoons as an example of a Unit of the Permanent Force of Canada, impartial and unbiased in its opinions, loyal to the force of which it is the Senior Cavalry Regiment, and efficient in the carrying-out of whatever duties it was called upon to perform.



MAJOR-GENERAL VICTOR ARTHUR SEYMOUR WILLIAMS, C.M.G.

Date of birth, June 2nd, 1867; attended Royal Military College, Kingston, Ontario, from September, 1884, to July, 1886; Inspector Northwest Mounted Police, October 20th, 1886 to September 28th, 1889; Provisional Lieutenant, R.C.D., September 28th, 1889; Lieutenant, R.C.D., June 10th, 1890; South African War, 1899—1900, (1st Regt., C.M.R.) Operations in the Orange Free State, February to May, 1900, including actions at Vet River (May 5th-6th), and Zand River (May 10th). Operations in the Transvaal in May and June, 1900, including actions near Johannesburg (May 29th), Pretoria (June 4th), and Diamond Hill (June 11th-12th). Operations in the Transvaal east of Pretoria July to November 29th, 1900, including actions at Reit Vlei (July 16th), Belfast (August 26th-27th, 1900). Despatches, 2; Brevet of Major; Queen's Medal with five clasps. Brevet Captain, June 10th 1893; Captain, R.C.D., June 1st, 1898; Brevet Major, May 17th, 1901; Major, R.C.D., July 1st, 1901; Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel June 21st, 1904; Chief Staff Officer, Eastern Ontario, May 1st, 1905, to March 31st, 1907; Lieut. Colonel, R.C.D., April 1st, 1907; Colonel, May 7th, 1911; Inspector of Cavalry, August 1st, 1907, to November 30th, 1912; Transferred to Permanent Staff, December 1st, 1912; Adjutant-General, December 1st, 1912 to January 1st, 1919; Brig-General, September 1st,

1915. The Great War. Camp Commandant, Valcartier, August 20th, 1914; Left Canada in charge 1st Canadian Contingent, October 3rd, 1914; Attached to H.Q. 1st Canadian Contingent, and will perform duties of General Camp Commandant, October 24th, 1914; T.O.S. 1st Canadian Division, France, and attached H.Q. 3rd Army, June 30th, 1915; To be Camp Commandant, H.Q. Canadian Army Corps, France, October 9th, 1915; General Officer Commanding, 8th Canadian Infantry Brigade, and Temp. Brigadier-General, December 23rd, 1915; Wounded and prisoner of war, June 3rd, 1916; Arrived in Switzerland for internment, December 27th, 1917; Repatriated, March 24th, 1918; Transferred to C.E.F. in Canada, December 7th, 1918; C.M.G., Despatches. General Officer Commanding, Military District No. 3, Kingston, January 1st, 1919; General Officer Commanding, Military District No. 2, Toronto, June 1st, 1920; Major-General, October 1st, 1919; Retired to Pension, April 20th, 1923. Qualifications: 1st Class Short Course Grade "A" Cavalry, 1890; 1st Class Long Course Grade "A" Cavalry, 1890; Attended Short Course Cavalry, Aldershot, England, 1892; Passed Tactical Fitness for Command, 1903; Passed Examination in Military Sanitation "Distinguished," 1908; Commissioner of Ontario Provincial Police, May 1st, 1922.

Dance at the Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, P.Q.

The Officer Commanding and Officers of the Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, were "At Home" to their friends at a very enjoyable dance on Friday evening, June 12th. The Mess was tastefully decorated with flags, bunting, swords, lances, etc., and shields displaying various sporting kit, accoutrements, etc., were hung on the walls.

The night was perfect for the occasion, and variegated coloured lights in Chinese lanterns along the paths along the water front made the lawn a veritable fairyland. Two spacious marquees provided ideal sitting-out places for those who wished to rest from the strenue of terpsichorian art and enjoy the beauty of the Richelieu River by moonlight.

The music was provided by R. B. Hamilton's fivepiece orchestra from the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, Montreal, and alternating with them was the "A" Squadron Barrack orchestra. Both orchestras left nothing to be desired in the way of time and selections and many complimentary remarks were made about the excellence of the music.

At midnight the guests were summoned to the lawn, where they were treated to a spectacular military display conducted by "The Iberville Lancers," under the direction of Staff Sergeant Ellis. After going through some intricate figures of "The Musical Ride," the "Lancers" lined up, and it was announced that by special arrangement with the Wembley Exhibition, which had been closed for the occasion, the "Iberville Lancers" would give an exhibition of tent-pegging in the dark. All lights were extinguished and the "peg" alone remained illuminated. With wonderful precision, in spite of restive horses, lancer after lancer galloped down with broomstick (Sorry, I mean lance) levelled and immediately the peg "went out."

Following this display of horsemanship, supper was served in the billiard room, while "soft drinks" were issued to thirsty guests from a real old-fashioned bar, complete with bar-tender, sawdust, sandwiches, olives and all other accessories. The safety of the inmates was guarded by a policeman at the door, whose instructions were to the effect that all people from Ontario were to be kept out.

The evening was somewhat similar to the ball of the Duchess of

Richmond before the Battle of Waterloo, as, during the festivities, word was received from National Defence Headquarters that the Unit was to be in readiness to entrain for Cape Breton immediately. The news, however, had no apparent effect on the spirits of the guests, and dancing continued until the small hours of the morning. As soon as the last car had left for Montreal, decorations, in the shape of swords and rifles were taken down for more serious use, and within seven hours the train had pulled out with every available man and horse on board.

Mrs. Bowie received the guests in the ante-room, among whom were several officers from Fort Ethan Allan, the American post near Burlington, Vermont.

OBITUARY

It is with regret that we record the death of Q.M.S. W.O. 11) Arthur Mauchan, R.C.E., Station Foreman of Works here, which took place suddenly in the vicinity of the C.N.R. station on Saturday last, the 18th instant.

Q.M.S. Mauchan had complained of being somewhat indisposed with indigestion the previous evening, and, although far from well the next morning, came to the Barracks. He was returning home to breakfast about 8.30 a.m., when he was seen to stumble and fall to the ground. Assistance was promptly forthcoming and medical aid summoned, but he had already passed away. Those of us who remember him hale and hearty the day previous cannot but realize "in the midst of life we are in death."

Q.M.S. Mauchan was universally popular at the Barracks, and our deepest sympathy goes forth to Mrs. Mauchan and family in this their sudden and sad bereavement.

?? WHO IS HE??

He's forever calling "Bubbles," "Bubbles" with the very dark hair,
He's got so bad, he is driving us mad;
When we leave here, gee, we'll be glad.
Morning, noon and evening,
Sometimes late at night,
He is always calling "Bubbles"
At the Eastern Line Exchange.

From a pessimist—"When are they going to send up our winter kit?"

Bytown Bits.

Our Annual War.—Well, the poor old Permanent Force are once more down by the sounding, pounding sea and having the time of their lives, no doubt. They should see what we do up here every day and night and realize the stern-faced task that Headquarters find themselves up against. It's a great life to live across the way from the grim War Office, and to see pale, tense-faced clerks sitting at their desks at two or three in the morning reading some weighty tome and waiting at the end of the wire for the day's operation report to come in. God knows we have to face our tasks like men, but the sight of these brave fellows makes me take a firmer grip on the sparklet bottle and pour myself an extra half-inch and let it go south to the eternal memory of our guardians. Selah.

To Save on Phones.—The Department of National Defence are talking of cutting out the long distance line between here and Petawawa. One hot night I lay in bed and without having to cup my ears was able to get the most of a conversation between a high officer at Ottawa and the camp at Petawawa. He is to be allowed a megaphone in future and will stand up on the top of the roof and talk to wherever he feels like.

Was in Hospital.—I was walking along Sparks Street the other day and barged into ex-Trooper Julius, formerly of "A" and "C" Squadrons. Many of the old timers will remember his cheery smile when he was groom to Shrimp Cochrane. He had been in the Civic Hospital taking D.S.C.R. treatment for his knee which was bunged up the same day that poor old Straw went west.

Visited Perth.—The 38th Ottawa Regiment visited Perth over Dominion Day. Clyde Scott reported that without Donald Grant the old own was pretty quiet.

Dragoons Camp.—The Princess Louise Dragoon Guards camped from the 7th to the 15th at Connaught Ranges. The total allowed for training was 120 men with 90 horses. Will tell more about this next month.

Earl Haig.—Field Marshal Earl Haig was a visitor in Ottawa the last part of June, and on the 28th a monster reception was held on Parliament Hill. Over 3,000 soldiers of the Ottawa garrison turned out under command of Colonel C. M. Edwards, D.S.O., Commanding 8th Infantry Brigade.

Parliament Prorogues.—The closing of Parliament on June 27 was a good job well done. The P.L.D.G. escort was under command of Lieut. J. D. Code, and the Guards and Artillery also did their share. It was announced officially that in future all cavalry escorts here will be turned out in review order. That's what we want, as the stuff has been in the moth balls since 1914 and we want to give it the air.

With Earl Haig.—Major-General J. H. MacBrien, Chief of Staff, is with Field Marshal Earl Haig on his trip through Canada. The party left Ottawa on the evening of July 2nd.

Small Arms School.—The Canadian Small Arms School at Connaught Ranges is again in full swing, under command of Lieut. Col. W. K. Walker, D.S.M., M.C. On his staff are Captain K. C. Burness and Captain Trudeau. Several non-permanent non-commissioned instructors are included.



Electricity Transforms the Home

LET US SHOW YOU HOW

Southern Canada Power Company Limited

Renewal of Subscriptions.

We would ask all readers who receive a subscription form pasted on the cover of their "GOAT" to renew their subscription as soon as possible, so that they may not miss a single number.

Your Subscription Expires

Tel. Bel 38z

Lunni, Mercredi, Vendredi,
Monday, Wednesday, Friday.
9 a.m. to noon, 1 to 5 p.m.,
7 to 8 p.m.

V. J. Levasseur, D.D.S.

CHIRURGIEN-DENTIST
SURGEON DENTIST

110 Richelieu

St.-Jean

**L. D. Trudeau**

Sugar Crust Bread,
Cakes and Pies.

Special Orders attended to

177 Richelieu St.,

St. Johns, Que.



FULL LINE OF
Dennison's
GOODS

H. BERNARD & FILS.

52 Richelieu

St. Johns Que.

Phone 126

49 Collin Street

Latour & Dupuis Inc.
ST-JEAN, QUE.

Lumber Merchants
and
Manufacturers of all kinds
of Sash, Doors and
Mouldings.

Specialty—**Window and**
Plate Glass.

Stanislas Poulin, C.R., L.L.L.
Ivan Sabourin, B.C.L.

Poulin & Sabourin.

ATTORNEYS AND
COUNSELLORS-AT-LAW

P. O. 423
Tel. 142

22 St. Jacques St.
Saint-Jean, P.Q.

ed on the staff under Sergeant-Major White, W.O. These instructors take the place of the members of the Permanent Force on duty at Cape Breton.

Back in Harness. — Sub-Lieut. Edson Sherwood, brother of Col. L. P. Sherwood, Commanding the 2nd Mounted Brigade, has been appointed to the Ottawa half Company R.C.N.V.R. Lieut. Sherwood saw service with the Grand Fleet during the late war and was also on submarine service.

Summer Simmerings. — Rain, yes, it looks like a good day for a picnic—no, I do not want any of that dam 4.4; well, if one squadron takes more men into camp than the other there will be hell to pay—no, you can't have any instructors, they are all at Sydney—lights burning bright in the war office—ice-packed brains bending over maps in Harry Coghill's office—frantic messengers with code messages from the far flung battle line—rain—sure, and tell 'em to bring over a couple of bottles—say Bill, bring back a crock with you, I will be in the office until midnight anyway—no, the A.G. says not and that's final—get me Petawawa on long distance, sergeant—get that escort ready for ten hours tomorrow—yes, the guard and battery are ready—deputy governors in frock coats—glittering sabres—prancing horses—cursing subalterns—rain—well, thank heaven we will soon be dead—Slow but fast curtain.

THE NEW WATERFORD
"TIMES"

We hasten to congratulate Lt.-Col. Langford, the editor of this racy little paper. A weekly publication entails a lot of hard work on the part of the editorial staff, and its inception was a splendidly conceived idea.

The reading matter is short and to the point and full of "local quips." The revenue derived goes towards providing sporting equipment for the troops in that locality, and it is a worthy representative of a worthy object. We wonder whether the point of view of the editor towards C.A.F. Headquarters will have undergone a change since his appointment as G.S.O. If it does he will have many famous precedents in Ramsay MacDonald, Lloyd George, and other famous men.

We wish the paper every success and recommend those of our subscribers who are in this area to purchase a copy. They will be amply repaid for the small outlay.

The Late Field Marshal French.

The late Earl of Ypres, better known as Field Marshal French, whose death we have already announced, was one of the most outstanding figures in the early years of the war with Germany. His command of the Old Contemptibles, as the first small expeditionary to France was termed, will always be remembered with gratitude by his countrymen. He relinquished command of the British forces in France and Flanders to Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig in December, 1915, after sixteen months of warfare with Germany. Until then he had been termed "the luckiest man in the British Army."

Outnumbered by the enemy and short of high explosives needed to halt their advance, he had handled the sorely-tried British Army in a masterly way in its strategic retreat from Mons. A few weeks later, with nearly 1,000,000 men, he fought the historic battle of Ypres, the winning of which barred the channel ports from the Germans and saved England from invasion. It was at Ypres that the Germans first resorted to their deadly asphyxiating gas attacks. He subsequently became involved in a controversy with his old South African commander, Lord Kitchener, the secretary of war.

We cannot follow Lord French through the various steps of his career, which was a notable one, in England, Ireland, and India, but he took rank as a high authority in cavalry service, and was chosen to revise the cavalry drill book.

Upon his retirement as commander-in-chief of the British forces in France and Flanders, Field Marshal French was created a Viscount and designated as commander-in-chief of the armies of the United Kingdom. He served in this capacity until May 11, 1918, when he was made lord lieutenant of Ireland, much to the surprise of the Irish Nationalists, who expressed the belief that Lord French's administration would be characterized by repressive measures. On December 19, 1919, when the lieutenant-governor was motoring in Ireland, an attempt was made to assassinate him. His party was ambushed and fired on, but he escaped injury.

Field Marshal French was a great student of Napoleon, and believed him the greatest strategist the world ever knew. In following out Napoleon's campaigns in detail he personally covered

and studied much of the very ground in Belgium over which, years later, he was to combat as formidable a foe as the Little Corporal faced at Waterloo.

Death came as his reputation was under a cloud. A controversy concerning him has been before the British public particularly since he published his book on the war, entitled "1914," which contained much outspoken and adverse criticism of his subordinates and some French generals, and which did not except Lord Kitchener. The argument has been especially bitter concerning the battle of Le Cateau and General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien's part therein. Just about the time of the operation which preceded his death, Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien published a book of memoirs in which he devotes twelve chapters to the operations in France and makes a spirited defence against the Earl of Ypres' attacks on him in connection with the battle.

Whatever the merits of the controversy, Canadians will recall Field Marshal French as a commander who paid them unstinting tribute for their heroism and devotion at Ypres in April, 1915, when he let it be known to the world that it was the Canadians' first division—the "Old Red Patch" of later days—who saved the Empire.

There is also the memory of his long and great services to his country in many fields of public endeavour, including his service as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland during the troublesome times after the end of the war until the creation of the Irish Free State.

After his death his remains were cremated. Marshal Joffre with a detachment of Poilus came over from France to attend the funeral.

Lord French will be remembered by the Royal Canadian Dragoons as being instrumental in allowing us to retain our cavalry organization after being dismantled, at a time when strong pressure was being brought to bear to organize us into infantry formations. He inspected the regiment at Meris in May, 1915.

The M.O. coughed very gravely. "I am sorry to tell you," he said slowly, looking down at the married officer in bed, "that there is no doubt you are suffering from scarlet fever, and, as you know, it is extremely contagious." The patient slowly turned his head on the pillow, and looking towards his wife, "Dearie," he said, in a faint voice, "if any of my creditors call you can tell them at last I am in a position to give them something."

Hotchkiss Machine Gun Competition.

The Dominion of Canada Rifle Association announces the inauguration of machine gun competitions, to be held on the home ranges of competing teams, and conducted in three series, the Vickers Machine Gun Match, the Lewis Gun Match, and the Hotchkiss Gun Match.

Prizes.—A challenge trophy will be offered in each series to the winning team. A D.C.R.A. silver medal will be awarded to each member of the team taking second place, provided at least five teams enter.

Entrance Fee.—Five dollars for each team.

Date.—Entries will be received by the secretary, D.C.R.A., any time up to September 1st, but the Match is not to be fired until after the receipt of special registers, which will be sent immediately on receipt of entry.

Conditions Hotchkiss Gun Match

Teams to consist of a leader (not above the rank of Sergeant) and three men.

Targets.—L.A. and M.G. screen, 10 feet by 3 feet, at 400 yards and 300 yards. Ten iron falling plates or tiles 12 inches by 12 inches, placed one yard apart at 200 yards.

Dress.—Drill Order (less bayonet).

Practice.—500 to 200 (fire with movement). Three strips of 30 rounds each per gun; one strip per gun at each of the following ranges, viz.: 400, 300 and 200 yards. Unfired rounds forfeited.

Scoring.—Each plate or tile knocked over, 5 points. If all plates knocked over, one point will be added for each round returned from strip used at 200 yards. Hits on screen, one point each.

Method of Conducting and Conditions.—Two minutes for each advance and fire one strip with twenty seconds interval. Guns to be unloaded and safety-catch raised before each advance. No allowance will be made for a jam unless due to mechanical causes.

Range Officer.—The range officer must be some person who is in no way connected with the unit competing. No departure from this regulation will be allowed under any circumstances. The score-sheet must be accompanied by a certificate signed by the Officer Commanding the unit that this regulation has been strictly adhered to in the match.

Notes of Interest from Glace Bay.

Personal and Regimental

Major G. P. Vanier, D.S.O., M.C., Officer Commanding the Royal 22nd Regiment, has visited the Mess several times from Caledonia Mines.

Major "Stub" Lawson, D.S. & T.O. M.D. 6, was a recent visitor at the Mess.

Colonel "Spud" Murphy, D.M.O., M.D.1, was a visitor at the Mess prior to his return to his District.

Inspector of Excise and Inland Revenue Kennedy paid his respects to the Officer Commanding recently.

Major Baty, Major Sawers and Captain Drury visited Reserve Mines for a week and are reported to have had a very pleasant sojourn with "D" Company, The R.C.R.

Captain James Wood is spending a few days at Reserve Mine.

Captain Drury paid a visit to Dominion No. 1 recently as guest of the Provincial Police. An enjoyable time was had by all.

Lt.-Col. Walker Bell, D.S.O., Officer Commanding, paid a flying visit to Sydney recently.

Q.M.S. Ackerman, Q.M.S.I. Doyle, Q.M.S.I. Dowdell and Sgt. Instructor Hopkinson who were with us have been recalled for duty, the former at Niagara-on-the-Lake, the latter at the Small Arms School, Connaught Ranges, Ottawa.

The Commodore and Officers of the Royal Cape Breton Yacht Club have very kindly placed their club at the disposal of the officers for a period of two weeks. Several very enjoyable parties have taken place in the palatial "Lounge," and for a time our Mess resounded with nautical terms such as "white caps," "listing to starboard," "three sheets in the wind," etc.

The undermentioned warrant officers and N.C.O.'s have left Cape Breton to attend the Canadian Small Arms School for instructional purposes:

Q.M.S.I. Dowdell, Q.M.S.I. Doyle, Q.M.S.I. Brown, Sgt. Instr. Hopkinson, Sgt. Instr. Hallett.

We tender our congratulations to Cpl. E. Sargent on the recent addition to his family.

Sgt. Sheehy, Sgt. Harris, Sgt. Neeves, and L/Cpl. Cassidy have re-engaged for a further period of three years.

Lt.-Col. Walker, D.S.O., R.C.D., has returned to Niagara Camp from Cape Breton.

Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., R.C., is commanding the Royal Canadian Dragoons at Cape Breton.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW

Who was the officer who, having a "date" and being ordered to establish signal communication with Dominion No. 2, sent the following Nelsonian message: "After this message this station will be closed."

Whether the recent advertisement appearing in a local paper stating that there was a fund of \$10,000 available for the purchase of antiques, silverware, crockery, etc., was instigated by our well-known curio collector, Captain Jimmie Wood.

If the authorities who drew up the recently amended Pay and Allowance Regulations on a basis of decimal fractions could solve the problem put to us recently: "If the Provincial Police get four dollars a day, four meals a day, for doing nothing, and it takes six R.C.D.'s to guard a truck load of police, how much pay and how many meals should an R.C.D. get for doing something?"

Where a certain officer telephones from when he makes his reports while on night patrol.

Whether "Jerry" has had any success in "getting" Bubbles with his soft soap.

Whether "Standard" and "Daylight Saving" will not be replaced by "Eastern Time" as a result of our visit to Cape Breton.

Whether the bad luck a certain officer is having at cards will cause him to call the game "The Bridge of Sighs."

Who is the person responsible for sending the reports to Headquarters of threatened burnings, mobs assembling, mysterious cars without lights, and other impending disasters.

Why the O.C. Dismounted Detachments, Sydney, changed his mind



For Saddlery Repairs

and any kind of

Military Leather Work

Try

Staff Sergt. Oliver, R.C.D.

Stanley Barracks,
Toronto.

Prices Moderate.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.



about joining the "fighting troops."

What make of polo stick Capt. H. uses and why he has extra protection at one end only.

Who was the officer who called on a certain S.S.M. at midnight, and why.

Why it rains every time "A" Squadron is called upon for Patrol duty.

Why S.S.M. Smith received a mysterious parcel and whether there are any left.

When the strike is going to end.

When we are going home.

Officer Wanted Please

The following advertisement is taken from the Sydney Post:—

"Found—On Lingan Bar, lady's gold wrist watch. Owner may have same by proving property and paying for this advertisement. Apply Box 140, New Waterford.

Guard Commander: "If anything moves, shoot."

Sentry: "Yes—and if anything shoots, I'll move."

Drink GURD'S Drinks

Wherever you have the
opportunity!

GURD'S Ginger Ales.

GURD'S Soda Water.

GURD'S Ginger Beer.

Gurd's Dry Ginger Ale is the Acme of select
refreshment—a winner—with people
of discerning taste!

GURD'S DRINKS SATISFY!

On sale at the Canteen.
On call at the Mess.

Tel. Main 7961

La Compagnie
H. FORTIER
Limitée.

Négociants en Gros et
Importateurs

**TABACS,
CIGARES,
CIGARETTES,
PIPES,
CONFISERIES, etc.**

67-69 Rue St. Paul, MONTREAL

A Few Facts and Figures About
the Strike in Cape Breton,
Gleaned from "Standing the
Gaff," by Stuart McCawley.

"What Brought It About."

In the Spring of 1924, Mr. Wolvin, President of the British Empire Steel Corporation, discovered that he had lost the Montreal market, and that American coal was under-selling him, and he decided to make a big effort to reduce the cost of producing coal in Nova Scotia.

He appointed Mr. McClurg vice-president, and sent him to Cape Breton to cut down the executive staff and reduce the salaries of those retained.

Mr. McClurg succeeded in lopping off a lot of inspectors, superintendants, and officials, and cut the salaries from 10 to 25 per cent, and in this way effected the saving of something in the vicinity of \$1,000,000.00 a year.

He claimed that in order to meet American competition it was necessary to reduce the coal miners' wages 25 per cent, and notified the U.M.W. that their existing contract, which would expire on January 15th, 1925, would be cancelled by the company, and they asked for a conference to negotiate a new wage schedule.

The U.M.W. had an election and elected a new staff of officers, and called a convention of delegates from all the collieries in Nova Scotia, which was held in Sydney. This convention passed a resolution asking for an increase in wages, and passed another resolution in favour of making a 100 per cent strike in case a strike was called, and then appointed their executive to sit in with the coal company and negotiate.

At this stage of the proceedings executive and the miners had reached the most friendly relationship that had existed for 10 years. All the minor details of contracts were settled, there were no petty disputers, and the public was beginning to feel that better times were in sight.

The conference between the U.M.W. and B.E.S. Co started in November, and during their continuance the men's representatives dropped their demand for an increase in wages, and virtually admitted that they would continue at the present rates if the coal company's business was submitted to an investigation so that they would be in a position to know just how much or how little the

company could afford to pay in wages.

The men's representative told Mr. McClurg that they would not believe his statements, and one of the main reasons for this was that they were in possession of statements published by Mr. Wolvin, the president, that were entirely different from the statements offered by Mr. McClurg to the men.

Mr. McClurg made several serious mistakes from a diplomatic point of view. He antagonized the doctors of the district by presenting an argument that the men were paying too much for their medical attendance.

He also made the statement that the man with a family should be able to get along with \$17.50 a week.

The Conciliation Board was appointed at the request of the company. The U.M.W. refused to recognize it. It disbanded without achieving anything.

The Provincial Government stepped in and offered to appoint a Royal Commission on the wage question if the men were satisfied to be bound by the decision of that Commission.

The U.M.W. refused this, as their policy is emphatically against a reduction of wages and against compulsory arbitration.

A reduction of 10 per cent would figure a saving of 24 cents a ton on every ton of coal. Coal sold for \$6.25 a ton at the pit mouth, and the sum of 24 cents is so insignificant that in the competitive market the result would be nil.

The collieries have been working fairly well with the exception of Nos. 2, 4 and 6. These are on the Phalen Seam, and Mr. McClurg claims that the coal from these collieries is not suitable for steel-making, and that this season of the year there is no sale for it, and therefore they cannot keep these mines working.

The U.M.W. officials have conducted all negotiations without any personal assistance from International Headquarters. In all previous conferences a number of American officials were on hand. This time the executive refused to have them, and have conducted their case in a very sensible and fair manner, and had earned the confidence and support of the entire population.

The crash came on March 5th on an entirely different question, that of lack of food. The workers at Nos. 2, 4 and 6 mines had their store credit stopped. Clergymen got busy, found distress; and the U.M.W. demanded that Mr. McClurg re-establish credits. He refused, and a strike was called.

Who Will Win?

The present strike cannot be won by the operators. They may starve the workers into submission; they may bluff them into taking a reduction in wages; but the sore spot must be healed before the strike is won. Where industrial populations are largely floating it is possible for an experienced operator to break a strike. But in that case the old crowd gets out as quickly as it can. In this case the industrial population is settled; Cape Breton is its home. Every man has relatives and friends and neighbours. The entire population is with him. The managing operator is the floater. He shifts every three or four years and sees only the dollars in the vision. He has no stake in the community; no love for the people.

We have been cursed by a lot of "buck-passing." Everybody seems to think he should suggest what should be done and somebody else should do it. Both sides to the dispute, and the big third element, that is also a sufferer, passes resolutions and writes telegrams.

Royal Commissioners are snoopers for gossip, and cost a lot of money, and write long reports that nobody reads. The real investigation into the Cape Breton coal trade must come from the stockholders of the company. It is up to them to take their directors on the carpet and find out why they can't direct successfully; why they cannot sell coal. The poor insignificant 24 cents a ton that a ten per cent cut in wages would save in the price of coal cannot be the main factor. This is a point that must be cleared up. The job is too big for pessimists. It requires men with vision and confidence, who can inspire vision and confidence into their employees.

The coal industry is solid and permanent. The asset in unmined coal is tremendous. The quality of the coal is diversified. There are at least six different kinds. Any customer should be satisfied. The mine equipment is good—better than ever. The official staff is good, the miners are experienced good workers and easy to get along with. What is needed is directors who can get business, men with friends among the buyers, men with friends to get more protection from the Federal authorities, men with vision. The possibility of an 18,000 or 20,000 daily output from Cape Breton only needs the orders. The whole question must be settled in Montreal—the Cape Breton end is all right. We have the product; the country needs it, the directors are being paid to place coal with the consumer.

The "Check-off"

One of the bones of contention in the coal wage dispute that is going on is the "check off" or "off tax."

The U.M.W. wants Besco to deduct so much a week from every worker to help "The Labour Herald." Besco says "No." The U. M.W. says, "We will make you. You have to under contract."

The Coal Mines Regulation Act, 1918, Chap. 10, and Amendments, says:—

(2) There shall be exempted from the operation of the above amendment all sums due from such employee for powder, coal, oil, rent, check-weigher's and doctor's fees, church, hospital and society dues. Every employer may retain such sums from the wages or salary due such employee.

The items of "off tax" on the average pay sheet of the Glace Bay coal miner are:—

Rent	\$1.44
Coal	\$2.30
Water12½
Sanitation06½
Doctor40
U.M.W.25
Relief30
Church50
Hospital25
Poll Tax40
Check Weigher25
Total	\$6.28

These "check off" items all represent good value.

\$1.44 a week is for rent for a six-room house in good repair.

\$2.30 is for half a ton of coal that would cost the ordinary citizen of the same district \$3.50.

12½ cents is for municipal water—one tap.

6½ cents is for sanitation service where there is no sewerage.

40 cents is for the service of a doctor for the whole family, with free medicines.

25 cents is for labour union dues, that is split up between Indianapolis Glace Bay headquarters and the Mine Lodge.

30 cents is for sick and accident relief benefits.

50 cents is for the church. This item is optional and varies. Fifty cents being about the largest amount collected by any one denomination.

25 cents is for hospital maintenance. The colliery districts of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton have hospitals splendidly equipped.

40 cents is collected in Glace Bay as a poll tax, and school rates.

25 cents goes to the check-weighman, who weighs the miners' output and checks up with the company's weighman.

If the head of the family buys

his goods at the coal company stores the amount of his weekly bill is deducted from his week's pay. This is arranged by the employee signing a power of attorney giving the paymaster authority to collect from the employee and pay to the store. This power of attorney is, needless to say, not extended to the general merchant who is in competition with the company stores.

The miner with a family of five runs up a store bill of about \$25 a week. This item, added to the \$6.28 other deductions, brings a total of \$31.28 per week that he never sees in cash. If the work is slack and he gets three \$7.00 shifts, he has to skimp on the store bill the next week to catch up. If everything is going lovely he has enough to get along nicely, but he doesn't handle his earnings, and has naturally come to feel that somebody thinks he can't be trusted with money. If he was paid in cash and had to pay all the services represented by the "off tax" in cash, the "off tax" would cost him a lot more than at present, and the services would not be as well organized as at present. The cost of collecting and disbursing is borne by the operating company which, in addition, adds its own contribution to the hospital item, to the relief fund item, and sells coal at a very big discount. The collieries enjoy the services of some very able doctors who could not afford to stay on the job unless they were sure of their incomes coming in the manner they are at the present time.

Billions of Goods and no Buyers

While the president of the U. S. Steel Corporation is blowing in extra furnaces and hiring extra help to meet the demand for steel products, Besco is struggling along on a stray order for some shingle nails; selling little iron ore to Germany; coaxing South Africa to try our coal; and getting a cold shoulder from the Canadian buyer.

The man on the street is blaming our tariff, the Besco directors, the Reds, the sales departments, the hard times. All these culprits can be chastised, converted, forced to act.

Walter Herd, in his survey of the coal fields of Cape Breton Island and the mainland collieries in Pictou and Cumberland Counties, estimates that Besco has a reserve of unmined coal of four billion tons. Over one half of this is on the Atlantic shore front in Cape Breton County. The coal belongs to the Province of Nova Scotia, and is leased to Besco until 1993,

Gifts for the Bride

SILVERWARE

We will welcome a visit so that you can enjoy at your leisure the inspection of the many artistic and useful creations now exhibited at attractive prices.

J. P. Meunier

Jeweller & Optician
Richelieu St.
St. Johns.

Campers,
Swimmers,
Tennis or
Golf Players,
Rugby,
Football and
Baseball fans,
Etc., etc.

We have
Low Shoes
and
High Shoes
at your disposal.

Come in and See Them.

We also sell
Club Bags and
Valises for ladies
and gentlemen.

Only wholesaler in town.

Geo.
St Germain's
Boots & Shoes
Wholesale and Retail

142-144 Richelieu St.
St. Johns.

Opposite Imperial Theatre

at a rental of 12½ cents a ton. Sum in arithmetic, 4 billion tons at 12½ cents, result five hundred million dollars, coming to the people of the province for roads and education an general betterments. Some asset.

If the coal is worth 12½ cents a ton to the Government, surely it is worth as much to Besco, i.e., 500 million dollars in coal. Some asset.

Besco Has

The Dominion Steel Company, with furnaces and rolling mills and coke ovens; and the first plate mill on the continent.

The Nova Scotia Steel Company. The Cumberland Railway Company.

Twelve cargo-carrying steamers. The Halifax Shipyards.

A big lumber company in New Brunswick.

The Dominion Coal Company, with its most modernly equipped coal mines on this continent, capable of mining 25,000 tons of soft coal a day, but only able to sell four or five thousand tons because the Yankees have cheaper coal, have gobbled our market. Dominion Coal is better, but it costs

more to mine! It is below the surface, and the workings have to be pumped clear of water (there are four tons of water raised to every ton of coal). Our mines have to be ventilated—the air is forced down and through miles of passage ways.

The Yankee competing mines are in hills, above the sea level; they drain themselves. Ventilation is natural. The dip or incline of the coal measures is favourable to cheap haulage.

Nature helps the Yankees, and handicaps the Bluenose.

A Brief Outline of the History of Dominion Coal in Glace Bay

Previous to 1892, about 700,000 tons of coal a year was the Nova Scotia output. Mr. A. C. Ross, of Sydney, a man with a vision, interested B. F. Pearson, of Halifax, and the Hon. W. S. Fielding, and sought legislation and capital to combine the Cape Breton coal mines. They interested H. M. Whitney, of Boston.

At this date the Nova Scotia Government was receiving ten cents a ton royalty (about \$70,000 a year).

Glace Bay, Reserve, Bridgeport,

Cow Bay and Victoria were small mining villages.

The mines worked about seven months in the year, and the men earned from 80 cents to \$1.50 a day.

The Dominion Coal Company was born in 1893, and the Government royalty was increased to 12½ cents a ton.

In 1899 the output reached 1,500,000 tons.

In 1902 the output increased to 3,500,000 tons.

In 1910 the output increased to 4,739,000 tons.

The first shaft sunk was Old No. 7 (Hub) in 1861. The second, No. 8, (Bridgeport), in 1863. Old Victoria Slope, (No. 17), in 1865, and No. 4, (Caledonia), in 1866, followed by No. 5 Slope (Reserve), in 1872.

The best record for individual daily output was established by No. 2 with 4345 tons, November 12th, 1924. The newest mine is No. 1-B, which commenced hoisting on June 20th, 1924, and on December 5th, 1924, hoisted 3048 tons.

From advce from St. Johns we believe Dan Forgrave is considering the purchase of a car.

A Visit to Rum Row

When the invitation was extended to me by an un-named friend to take a trip in his motor launch on the "briny deep" and incidentally pay a visit to "Rum Row," I gladly accepted, not so much for the sake of visiting the "source of all evil," but in order to break the monotony of "strike duty."

It was on a Sunday afternoon about three o'clock when, having met at the pre-arranged rendezvous, we wended our way to the harbour, where we boarded a trim looking craft whose graceful lines denoted her capabilities of speed. It was a beautiful warm, bright day, and as we sped down the narrow harbour, past fishing smacks and a motley assortment of other craft, we eagerly drank in the refreshing sea air and our hearts warmed in gratitude to our benefactor.

After a delightful spin along the shore towards Lingan Bar, we headed out to sea and towards the distant spars, dimly visible on the horizon, denoting the presence of the "wet merchants of the sea."

Rum Row lies about fifteen miles out from shore and far be-

Tel. No. 3

EDGAR MAYRAND

Market Place Grocer, St. Johns

QUICK SERVICE

TWO DELIVERY TEAMS

"All goods sold at market prices only, not one penny over it--Honest Trading"

CHOICE GROCERIES

**Fresh Halibut, Salmon, Haddock, Dore, Smoked
Finnan Haddies and Fillets-every Thursdays.**

Try our delicious Pure Pork Sausage also Ham and Bacon.

Tel. No. 3

Next to Leo. Lemaire's Complete Butcher Shop.

yond the "three mile limit." It extends for a distance of roughly ten miles, and when times are good we were told that there were usually from ten to twenty ships anchored there, all doing a roaring trade. Owing to the strike and the consequent depression in trade, this number was greatly diminished, and there were only eight ships scattered along the area.

Our first visit was to a large schooner, rolling at anchor in the swell, on whose stern was painted the letters "The of Halifax." After some considerable difficulty we ran alongside and ropes were thrown and made fast to our bow and stern. The skipper, a weather-beaten old salt, invited us aboard, and timidly we ventured over the precarious footing to the deck of the schooner. I do not know what thoughts were in the mind of my companion, but for myself I know that all the weird tales of kidnapping, high jacking, and other atrocities of the high seas were vividly recalled and I was very thankful that I had my trusty gun strapped on my belt. We proceeded below to the captain's cabin, a small evil-smelling place, where we accepted the hospitality he offered in the "spirit" in which it was offered. Business was very poor, he informed us, and he lamented the fact that his large cargo of rum, the best in Rum Row, he claimed, was almost intact. For the quantity on board, 30,000 gallons, he stated, I cannot vouch for, but the quality was of the highest, and was more reminiscent of the good old issue of war-time days than anything I have ever tasted.

After spending a quarter of an hour in chatting, we departed for a further inspection of other occupants, and with considerable difficulty made the return trip to our craft. Our next point of call was a much smaller schooner lying about two miles to starboard, which, our host told us, was a French ship from St. Pierre. Evidently our uniforms frightened the skipper, for he showed no inclination to allow us on board and protested vigorously that he was a peaceful fishing smack, although as our guide scornfully reminded him, he must have done his fishing over the side as he had no "dories" aboard.

Nothing daunted by our hostile reception we proceeded down the line through ever increasing seas, and sighted a much larger vessel some five miles further on. Profiting by our former experience, we put on our raincoats over our uniforms and thus covered up our identity from prying eyes. No

difficulty was experienced in running alongside but getting aboard was another matter. Finally, after much manoeuvring, we managed to jump to the slippery decks and friendly, though not too cleanly, hands, helped us to steady ourselves. We found that the captain had gone ashore in the dory, and we did not envy him the fifteen mile row. The crew were very hospitable and stated that they had not seen anyone for five days. They had run out of cigarettes and were delighted to see us and obtain the few we were able to give them. This ship had on board 40,000 gallons of rum of an inferior grade to that of our first visit, 3000 cases of whiskey. The rum sells for \$4.50 a gallon over the side and the whiskey at \$20.00 a case, or \$2.00 per bottle. This ship came from Dememara, and had been in position for six weeks. The crew stated that they had orders to remain till their cargo was disposed of, but did not see much prospect of disposing of it under present conditions.

The crew consists of from six to eight men, including a cook and skipper and the life must be terribly monotonous. Nobody is allowed ashore except the cook and skipper and there is nothing to do but sleep and eat. Rum does not interest them any more, for the same reason that girls in candy stores get sick of candy. The food is usually good but lacks variety, though when the weather is calm fish is added to the menu. The pay varies with the amount of trade done, all the crew sharing in the profits, according to scale. The usual time spent from time of leaving port till return is two months, but when business is brisk two trips are not infrequent.

We left the ship about seven o'clock, and speeded off for home across the now turbulent sea. In the distance the revenue cutter "Stumble Inn" lay at anchor off the harbour, and a large freighter was slowly making her way towards North Sydney. Our boat was opener up for a little while and easily speeded up to 22 knots, but the spray was too much and we slowed down again to fifteen. When about three miles from shore we saw the cutter swing around and head for us. Having no contraband on board we viewed its approach with equanimity and even changed our course to meet him. A bell was rung, denoting the signal "come alongside," and we obeyed the summons. The cutter was a high powered ex-submarine chaser, purchased after the war by an American syndicate for rum running, and captured by the Canadian authorities within the

W. H. Bunting

Georges Massé

BUNTING & MASSE, Investment Brokers

and

General Insurance Agents.

21 ST. JAMES ST.

ST. JOHNS, QUE.

Tel. 241-J.

P.O. Box 308.

Government, Municipal,
and Corporation Bonds

Fire, Life, Accident,
and Automobile Insurance.

ST. JOHNS LATEST ATTRACTION

N. Lontos, Prop.

Windsor Hotel

Home! Comfort! Eating! Enjoy your meals with home comforts and pleasant surroundings. We serve only choicest cuts of meats, fresh poultry, the best and freshest vegetables on the market, and our pastry is unexcelled.

Turkey or Chicken Dinner on Sunday.

BANQUET HALL AND DANCING.

JOS. HEMMINGS

Milkman, Fresh laid Eggs

74 Cousins Street,

Phone 115w
P.O. Box 233

Regnier's Drug Store.

Look for the **Drug Store** with
the Red Cross.

Phone 582 We do delivery

GET IT AT THE

J. A. BOULAIS' STORE

All kinds of Magazines, Newspapers, Chocolates, Cigars,
Tobacco, Ice Cream and Soft Drinks.

45 ST. JAMES ST., ST. JOHNS, QUE.
Next to Post Office.

Banking Service For All

Throughout Canada the Bank of Montreal numbers among its customers representatives of all classes.

While its service is able to care for the banking needs of the largest accounts, the Bank of Montreal values equally the business of its smallest customers, and provides equally for their needs.

BANK OF MONTREAL

Over 600 Branches Throughout Canada.

I. V. J. CLEARY, Manager

Dyeing of all kinds

Dry Cleaners of Dresses, Gowns, Cloaks,
Gloves, etc., Suits. (Palm Beach), and
Overcoats.

Men's Hats of all kinds cleaned and re-
blocked.

We also clean Furs, Rugs, Parlour
Furniture, etc.

You will have full satisfaction in send-
ing us your articles.

Work guaranteed.
Moderate Prices.

TROY LAUNDRY

Dyers Dry Cleaners

Meunier & Freres, Prop.

Telephone 39

IBERVILLE

Get your Printing at The News.

territorial waters. She is now employed as a revenue greyhound under command of Captain Ryan, a cheery soul, but with the reputation of being the terror of the "rum runners." After a search of our ship had satisfied him that we were out for pleasure purposes only, we were permitted to proceed on our way.

We anchored in Glace Bay Harbour at 8.45 p.m., and were rowed ashore in the dory, but not before we had convinced our host that he had given us a most interesting and thoroughly enjoyable afternoon and one that we would remember for many days to come.

FROM ST. JOHNS TO SYDNEY WITH "A" SQUADRON ...

After many false alarms during the night of June 12th-13th, the fatal order to entrain was given about 7.30 a.m., June 13th, and soon all was bustle and excitement at the Cavalry Barracks.

The orders were that every available man and horse was to be sent, which precluded the leaving behind of a rear party. To add to the difficulties, camp was to commence that day and the Militia Units were expected to arrive at any moment. Kit had to be packed, stores issued, and rooms locked, and it was to everyone's credit that the Unit entrained by 11.45 a.m., with five officers, eighty-five other ranks, and sixty-two horses.

We travelled by the Canadian National Railway, and the train arrangements were excellent. After a short stop at St. Lambert Junction, where we picked up a sleeper, the train proceeded on its way to the dreary Cape Breton Area. Lunch was served about 1.30, and no fault could be found with the rations or the method of serving. The horses were all in palace horse cars and were very well taken care of, while the men were in Colonist cars, and the officers in the sleeper.

At Levis we picked up the Royal 22nd Regiment, 100 strong, and the train pulled out to the strains of their splendid band. General Landry, District Officer Commanding, and Lt.-Col. 'Billy' Pope were at the station to bid the troops "God speed."

Our next stop was at Moncton, where the horses were watered and the news stand raided. News of the strike was eagerly read and proved anything but re-assuring towards an early return home. Truro, N.S., was reached on Sunday afternoon, and here we were met by General Thacker, G.O.C., M.D. 6, and Lt.-Col. Boak, D.S.O. It was decided that it would not be a wise move to pass through

the strike area during the night, so after the Straits of Canso were crossed we stopped for a while till daylight. Lt.-Col. Elkins, Officer Commanding, Civil Aid Force, and Major Murray Green, D.A.A. and G.M.Q., boarded the train several miles further on and we got the latest news of the strike.

All blinds were pulled down, and guards stationed at each end of the cars while passing through the strike area, but except for a few broken pains of glass caused by missiles from a few enthusiastic souls, nothing exciting happened, and we reached Sydney unmolested, pulled in to the British Empire Steel Co. Works, our home of two years ago. The detrainment was carried out quickly, and the horses showed their appreciation of being liberated from their close quarters by playfully dragging their owners to and from the water trough. Tents were pitched, a cook-house found, and once again we settled down to enjoy (?) the usual routine of strike duty.

THE WATERFORD RAID

Part I.

'Twas on a Thursday morning,
and all was going well,
Until those Besco policemen
marched in and raised up Hell,
All mounted on pit horses, with
billies by their side,
Into the town of Waterford those
Besco bums did ride.

Part II.

And straight toward the power
plant, where wires were all
pulled down,
And lights and water were shut
off and left a gloomy town.
When the miners heard of this to
vengeance they gave vent,
And straight toward the power
plant 1200 men were sent.

Part III.

But ere that day was over it was
a sad affair,
For one of our poor fellow men
was shot while standing there.
Some injured here, some injured
there, a broken leg or arm,
Those Besco bums were carried
home after doing so much harm.

Part IV.

I guess it will be a long, long
time before those Cops shall
dare,
To ride the streets of Waterford
and look at the miners and
sneer.

Editor's Note.—The above was presented to one of our Beau Brummels by a young lady of Dominion, as a token of her appreciation of the protection given her by his patrol.

"A" Squadron Notes from Cape Breton.

Well, here we are again,—and this makes the third time in four years. One might say that Cape Breton is the summer resort of the Canadian Permanent Force. Of course, we do not complain, for the man who could find fault with this county—with its dreary landscape, punctuated by even drearier-looking mining towns, with its wonderfully soft climate composed mainly of coastal fogs and more rain, which renders the few hours of sunshine more precious than pearls, and with its charmingly ingenuous inhabitants who welcome the troops with showers of Irish confetti, owing to the paper shortage, yes, the man who would fail to appreciate all these blessings would indeed be difficult to please.

Arrival at Sydney

With blinds drawn over the windows, our train steamed slowly into the Besco Steel Plant. Of course, we felt no qualms, not the slightest. The blinds were drawn simply to disguise our numbers and deny this information to the enemy. Why, even some dashing youths opened the windows and gazed out during the period spent in travelling through the mining territory. We must admit, however, that the frontage they exposed to the enemy sharpshooters was composed mainly of steel helmets. During our brief stay at Sydney a number of men strolled down the tracks towards the coke ovens, renewing pleasant and amorous memories of a previous visit.

Attack on Sydney Mines

Numbering 40 all ranks, a patrol embarked on two ferry boats and sailed to North Sydney. Disembarking, the party moved on towards Sydney Mines. Apprehensive glances were cast sideways by the troopers from time to time, the country traversed being rather stony. However, we reached Sydney Mines without incident and formed up in front of the town hall in the presence of a representative concourse of people. We hung around for a short while, but as no address of welcome was forthcoming, we moved off and took possession of the Jubilee Mine. As we moved away the miners regaled us to a few apt expressions from their choice and extensive vocabulary. By the way, any American short story writer could learn quite a few new and

forceful adjectives by spending a few days in this community. When the night was getting old, the chief of police, doubtless thinking of his people's welfare, requested that we impress the truth of the old adage, "Early to bed—" upon the crowds assembled in the streets. This we proceeded to do, and a number of the miners, appreciating the situation from the same angle, endeavoured to "rock us to sleep." It was during this melee that Cpl. Bentley, D.C.M., who, unaided, had surrounded a group of one hundred miners, was reported to have been hit with an empty bottle. This was a gross exaggeration, the only missile this gentleman came into contact with being just a flat iron. As some caustic wit remarked: "There would have to be something in it before a bottle affected 'Old Ben'." Things quieted down after this and the following morning we returned to Sydney and a sumptuous spread was laid out by "Dave Gardner" and his satellites.

During the morning "B" Sq. arrived from Niagara Camp, and a pleasant half-hour was spent in renewing old friendships—"It's an ill wind,"—and the only benefit derived during our sojourn in Cape Breton is the bringing together of old comrades in crime.

Move to Glace Bay

The initial move on Glace Bay was made by a patrol numbering 40 all ranks. The patrol moved from Sydney in pouring rain, and arrived at their old stamping grounds at No. 2 Colliery in a very damp condition. The following day the men and horses moved to the company's offices in Glace Bay. The remainder of "A" Squadron moved to these quarters after a few days. The accommodations at Glace Bay are very comfortable, both men and horses being under permanent cover. In the evening a number of gay lotharios are always to be found hovering around the wire, exchanging insipid looks with anything in petticoats that may come along. It has been even suggested that the object of the guard is to keep the cavalry in, and not the strikers out. Unfortunately we are not allowed to remain in one place too long. Just as soon as we manage to settle down and feel a little comfortable we are ordered off to some other spot for a rest. This rest business reminds one of a "busman's holiday." It has always appeared strange that while in some provinces which labour under the "dry" regime, Prohibition is the all absorbing

National Hotel, St. Johns, Que.

N. Lord, Prop.

Phone 127

A First-Class Hotel for Transient
and Permanent Guests.

License to sell Beer and Wine.

All Modern Conveniences.

Reasonable Rates.

Beauchamp's MEAT MARKET

Butcher and Provisions

Tel. 472

37 St. James St.

St. Johns, Que.

Choice Vegetables & Fruits in season

Specialty

Western Beef, Choice Poultry
and Fish of all kinds.

Special attention given to Phone Orders and Children

Our Motto

Good Meat—Good Blood
Good Blood—Good Health

We are constantly striving to furnish you with meats of highest quality; meats that have been handled in a strictly sanitary manner

ROBERTSON'S CHOCOLATE BARS

are made in many
delicious varieties.

There is sure to be
the kind that you will
delight your partic-
ular taste.

Ask for them at the
Canteen.

DALTON'S

French Drip

COFFEE

Packed in air tight cans

"The Coffee with the
Delicious Flavor"

Dalton Bros. Ltd.,
TORONTO

conversational topic, and yet here in Nova Scotia which is, I think, the oldest province in the "dry" sense, one hardly ever hears the word mentioned. But after a brief stay in this law-abiding country we can readily see, and if needs be, taste, the reason. What a splendid "sleuth" was lost to some detective force when Capt. Wood went "for a sodger." Whilst on a ride across the sand-bar between Dominion and Lingan, this gentleman extracted enough information from the kids who were following and admiring his equestrian prowess, to enable him to furnish a detailed account of the strikers' menu for the past six months.

The only objection to the Glace Bay station is the bathing accommodation. When we desire to get next to the Godly state we are compelled to walk up to No. 2 Colliery, and on returning feel pretty hot and tired. The most outstanding event of our stay at Glace Bay was the little 'homily' delivered by Major Nordheimer one morning. Report hath it that a number of men felt quite uneasy for some time afterwards.

At Reserve Mines

On our arrival at Reserve Mines we were very pleased to see our old friends of "D" Company, The R.C.R., in possession. The men's quarters were very comfortable, but the horses were compelled to stand in the open. Things are fairly quiet here. A little disturbance which occurred at Dominion No. 1 was quickly quelled by the speedy and dramatic arrival of Sgt. Clulow, who, forsaking his "last," for the rifle, very nearly made the night a "last" one for some other person. We are not aware of the full details, but refer the curious to "Tom King."

Since his departure from St. Johns the "Tank" has almost become a "Vat." Removed from the joyous temptations of his permanent station, he spends his time hovering the cook-house. Needless to say, his torso is suffering accordingly.

Rumours

The usual batch of rumours still go their daily round. Raids are threatened in every direction; strikes are settled and unsettled; men are hurt, dead and intoxicated. Officers have to be very careful. Their slightest gesture is watched, commented on, and the most amazing conclusions drawn therefrom. But never mind, 'twas ever thus; even while

we rail at the rumour-mongers we listen to them avidly, and pass on their falsehoods with the proper amount of exaggeration.

"B" Squadron Notes.

Prince Edward Barracks,
Sydney Mines, N.S.

Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., is the O.C. troops at Sydney Mines. Half of "B" Squadron, R.C.D., and a detachment of the R.C.H. A. are stationed in the "Mines." On July 6th Mr. and Mrs. George White entertained Major Timmis, Captain Hanington and Captain Bate at dinner.

On Sunday night, July 5th, Magistrate Ross, and the officers of the R.C.D. and the R.C.A. stationed at Sydney Mines, were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. J. J. MacDougall. Mr. MacDougall is the general manager of the coal mines in the Sydney Mines area.

On Tuesday, July 7th, Major Timmis and Captains Hanington and Bate spent three and a half hours down No. 1 Mine (Princess) at Cranberry Head. Large souvenirs of coal were dug by the visitors some two and a half miles under the Atlantic. This must have been just under Rum Row. Mr. J. J. MacDougall conducted the party, and took great pains to show everything there was to see. It was remarkable that the pony stables were far more up to date and sanitary than those at Stanley Barracks.

Magistrate Ross and Major Timmis visited the estate of Sir Yorke Barrington, and an invitation was extended by the Baronet to the officers and other ranks to make every use of the Yacht Club pier and the swimming facilities.

Colonel Evans, our always cheery veterinary officer and lover of animals, has paid us several welcome visits, and we regret to hear that he has left the Maritimes and returned to Niagara or Toronto. We regret immensely that our C.O. has gone back to Toronto. It is unfortunate that the seniority situation is such that it was impossible for him to remain. A long letter has been received from him on Niagara on the Lake. He says the Militia Camps are over, and he is keeping the Camp open for the time being. His horses got back safely. He sends his love to all, and wishes us a safe and speedy return—we heartily concur. We were glad to

hear that Major Stethem was out of the hospital again.

Sydney Mines is the centre of a very large and prosperous industry—not coal—but rum-running. The gentlemen who engage in this pastime are the prize cut-throats of the province and are staunch supporters of the N.S.T.A. One of the commonest requests we get in Sydney Mines from farmers and miners, and in fact, tradesmen, and those who have no trade, is for us to make a horse trade, or "shift," as the locals call it. And talking of horses, does it not surprise any sane mind from up country the way the boys around here are allowed to gallop their horses and ponies up and down the roads. The education of the boy in this Island of Cape Breton seems to be conspicuous for its absence. It is hard to conceive a more careless, lawless and undisciplined lot of boys; their treatment of dumb animals is appalling to say the least. The surprising thing is that the parents seem to take no steps to correct such habits, and consequently they grow, and the youth looks upon such behaviour as normal. This is the root of much of the trouble, lawlessness, lack of thrift, laziness, and the spirit of "I don't have to," that is a very big factor in the present trouble.

The mayor of Sydney Mines has been indisposed for several weeks (or is it months), and one night he phoned up to the Barracks and demanded that a patrol be sent to his house at once, as it was being raided and burnt. The patrol hurried to the scene of action but found everything as quiet as Parliament after Agnes has finished speaking. The mayor never even offered the patrol a drink.

We still hear nothing but praise for the work of the R.C.D.'s during the first three or four troublesome nights. It is acknowledged by all the citizens that had the cavalry not come in and stayed when they did, that there would not have been a store left unlooted. All arrangements had also been made to blow the safes of the Royal Bank and the Bank of Nova Scotia. Had the "blowing operations" been unsuccessful, the looters and rum-runners were to have proceeded to the bank managers' houses and brought them to the bank and forced them to open the safes. But we know that these bank managers were also prepared.

The strongest words of appreciation are heard from all quarters

in Sydney Mines of the good work done by the detachment of "A" Squadron, under Major Nordheimer and Capt. Hammond on the night of June 15th. The tact and firmness with which the patrol "persuaded" the crowds to move on was remarked upon so strongly. The handling of troops and of the public at such critical moments is one of the most difficult duties of patrol or unit leaders. The kindest of things and the nicest of words are received by the R.C.D.'s from 99 per cent of the citizens and miners of Sydney Mines. It is only in Warsaw (sometimes known as Palm Beach) that we have heard unprintable epithets cast at us, and these generally from women.

We appreciate the great kindness that the troops at Sydney Mines have received from the hands of Mr. J. J. MacDougall, the brother of "D. H."

Tom Duff, of course, had to find out what the inside of the "cooler" was like. Rum is a funny thing—for some people.

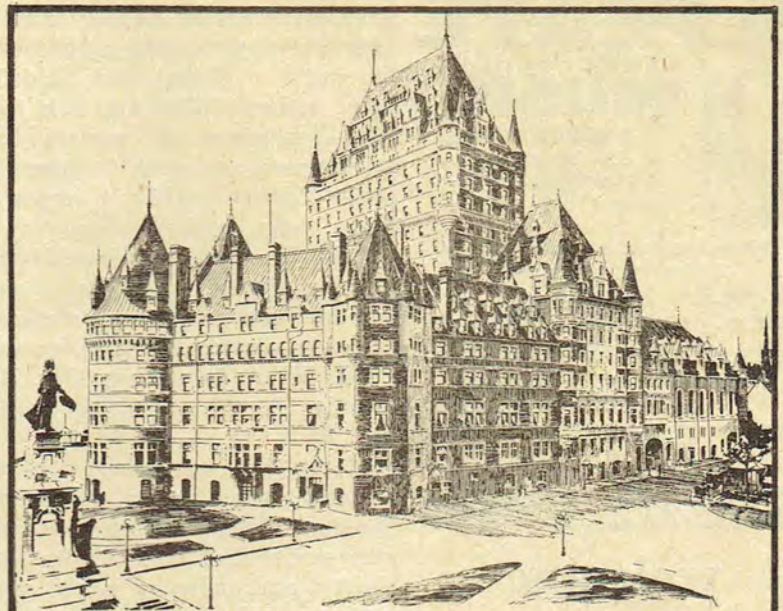
On the 9th, S./Sgt. Ellis, (the ex-professional high diver), came over from Sydney, and with Major Timmis and Sgt. Tamlyn, accepted the hospitality of the North Sydney Yacht Club at their diving pier. The water is very cold for the time of the year.

Is it true that Webby Geary has gone in for rum-running. A surcingle will be needed to replace that Sam Brown.

Magistrate Ross is a most welcome companion in the "Mess" (literally) at Prince Edward Barracks. The early hours kept by the members of the Mess are producing bonny boys.

The miners have challenged us at soccer, and we are busy getting into training.

We seem to have discussed the strike situation with every other man, and with all kinds and conditions of men, and have so far only been able to find one man who was in sympathy with the strike, and who could say a good word for their laders. This one man was drunk, and stated that he couldn't live on the wage they paid him. We examined his pay envelopes for three months and found he only worked two days a week. Of course he couldn't keep his wife and a dozen kids on \$8.00. It appeared that whenever he went to work it was near the end of the week, and he would draw his



Old French Canada

CHATEAU FRONTENAC, QUEBEC

The Chateau Frontenac—one of the architectural glories of modern Quebec—is amongst the best-known hotels in the world. This is because it is a Canadian Pacific Hotel, one of a chain of hotels from Atlantic Ocean to Pacific—providing the finest standard of hotel service in Canada.

This hotel has recently been greatly enlarged and can accommodate from thirteen to fourteen hundred guests.

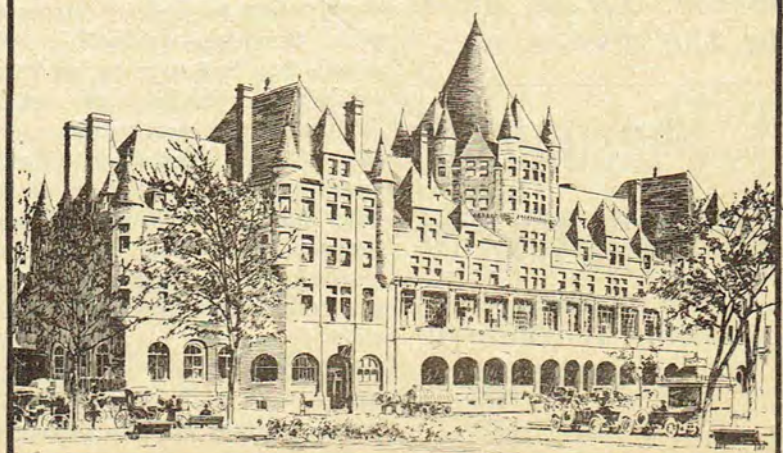
Another favourite hotel—the Place Viger, Montreal, situated at the terminal of the Canadian Pacific lines to Quebec and the Laurentian Mountains. This hotel makes an ideal centre for those who prefer quiet and yet wish to be within easy reach of the business and shopping districts.

Close to the docks and the old historic section—amid a popular social rendezvous. Both are operated on the European plan. Full information on rates, etc., on application.

A. ALLERTON,

General Superintendent,
Canadian Pacific Hotels, Montreal.

THE PLACE VIGER, MONTREAL





PEATE
STORE & SCHOOL
OF MUSIC
LARGEST STOCK
OF MUSICAL
INSTRUMENTS
IN CANADA
1,000 Instruments and Seven
Professional Teachers
REPAIRING—Expert repairing of
Brass and Wood Instruments.
584 ST. CATHERINE ST. WEST
(Same address for 20 years.)
MONTREAL

You are always
welcome
at
J.A. Lomme & Co. Ltd.

Established in 1876 Tel 65

C. O. GERVAIS & FRERE

Dealers in Dry Goods Groceries,
Hardware, Glass, Oils, Paints
and Cement.
Wholesale and Retail,

For a Military Hair Cut
patronize

G. Cousineau,
Barber,
THE BARRACKS.

Phone 228 P.O. Box 526

Pierre Trahan,

SAINT-JEAN, P.Q.

General Contractor

and

Complete line of goods
for the mason, etc,

J.L. Pinsonnault
PHOTOGRAPHER

Photo supplies,
Printing and develop-
ing for amateurs.

76 Richelieu St. St. Johns

pay and then go on the "drunk" for five days, sobering up enough to work on Friday and Saturday for another \$8.00. And it is upon these examples of wasters, unthriftiness, and rank laziness that the Toronto "Star" reporters base their pathetic appeals to "help the starving miners." The women around here don't wear cheap shoes or cheap stockings. How do we know? Why, we were told. What do you say, Mr. Editor in Chief?

It is the unanimous thought from all quarters that the present heads of Besco need replacing, and the sooner the better, if the Nova Scotia coal industry is not going to be entirely ruined. The miners need to do their own house cleaning, and this they soon will, as the "Red" element has very little sympathy amongst most of the men. But the Corporation needs a good house-cleaning too. What say you, Mr. Shareholder?

We do miss little Tiddy this year—there is no one to set the fashion.

"B" Squadron, R.C.D., has had three summers ruined, as far as training is concerned, out of four. Let us hope that this badly managed concern in these islands is straightened up now so that we can enjoy a little of our good old summer weather up in Ontario another year. We welcome a Tory Government. May it use a strong hand.

WITH "B" SQUADRON, R.C.D.
AT SYDNEY MINES. N.S.

It was on the morning of the 16th that the famous "B" Squadron, The Royal Canadian Dragoons, arrived in Sydney for the purpose of quelling disturbances caused by the miners in their strike. Many funny incidents occurred which will be explained in this chapter.

On arriving at Sydney we were greeted by "A" Squadron, who were delighted to inform us of their action at Sydney Mines the night previous,—evidently being proud they had seen action before "B" Squadron. They gave us full details of the whole affair, and also of the casualties. Having heard all, we settled down to prepare our camp. We pitched camp, prepared horse lines, saddle racks, cleaned out the horse boxes, and generally prepared for a long stay, when suddenly a party was warned to parade at 6.50 p.m., armed with pick handles, to proceed to Sydney Mines. During the

time waiting to parade, the intelligence department were out trying to locate the position of a rum-cutter, which they did, but unfortunately were overcome by the strength of the enemy. When parade was finally ordered, found our friend Wade trying to mount his horse; anyway, as near as possible, this is what he did: placed his left foot in the stirrup, seizing the horse's ears, naturally thinking he had the check rein. However, he got mounted, still holding his horse's ears with his left hand and swinging his club with his right.

Now came the embarkation on two of the famous Cape Breton passenger boats, which resulted in every man an horse being drowned by the continual spray which lasted roughly half an hour.

Now came our landing at North Sydney, where it was raining heavily. We mounted and prepared for our journey to Sydney Mines, escorting a number of Provincial Police, whom we noticed were of a very pale complexion. Now we commenced our march to our destination, with a very slow pace through the wind and rain, which caused everyone except our friend Wade to swear; at least, nobody was prepared to sing. Finally, wet through, and feeling somewhat cold, we marched into Sydney Mines, being greeted by the whole population, who seemed to be rather hostile, but luckily did not prove so. Having patrolled the streets several times, we adjourned to the Jubilee Mine to rest, as we thought, but suddenly an outpost was thrown out ready to receive any attack. All went well, without anything happening, so at dawn we marched quietly away to the Company store, which had been broken into and totally destroyed; and there we put our horses and rested ourselves. On the 17th inst. when we discovered we had to stay, a few of our famous scouts began a reconnaissance which resulted in the best scout, L/Cpl. McKoewn, discovering an entrance to the Dardanelles, having risked much getting up the Narrows. He immediately returned, gave in his information and plans, which were well studied by the staff, who at once gave orders for a couple of torpedo boats to go in advance whilst the dreadnaughts shelled the position from long range. This resulted in one torpedo boat being shaken but got back safely. Tpr. Duff, who was in command of No. 2 boat, was nearly captured, but his clever tactics brought him safely home. Now the commander, McKoewn, said the position must be taken regardless of loss. Eventually he

got his flotilla together, and having given all orders, made a direct attack, which, after a heavy fight, was a success. There they remained, when suddenly the atmosphere seemed to have an effect which drove Duff back from his position. On retiring he was captured, and was nearly awarded the D.C.M. for gallant conduct, but got away with seven days clink.

Another day the chief of police required our assistance at Warsaw, where we accompanied, when suddenly Sgt. Tamlyn and his troop proved their efficiency. Here they were ordered to gallop miles over rough country to capture two men whom the police wanted in connection with the raid on the company's store. They galloped in extended order, waving their clubs, when Duff again proved his ability. Dashing into his opponent in a soldier-like manner, he ordered his man to surrender, which he did, and Duff immediately dismounted and quietly took his man a prisoner, and of course the other one got away. Now, with reference to this place, Warsaw; we had the good pleasure to meet the councillor who represents this part of the city, and a real funny man he is. Quite brilliantly he began to inform us of his responsibility and finished up by inviting several people to dine with him, which was accepted by myself and two others. On entering the house we were received with the following: "Ah, here is my photograph when I was in the army." It appears he was in the R.C.M.C., and had reached England, being stationed during the whole war in Folkestone, and gained the coveted G.S. medal. He told us of his hardships in Folkestone, and how he put his clothes on in 1914, and had not taken them off until 1918, because he was working up to his knees in blood most of the time, and he being the only efficient first aid, of course, was on the scene every time. The funny part of it is, this town councillor has been the victim of Rum Row since we came here.

We are now having a fairly good time, only waiting for the horse cars to come so that we may proceed once again to our dear old city, Toronto, where the boys will have many funny stories to relate to their friends.

How did "Tom King" manage to collar a tent which was supplied with electric light at Sydney? Perhaps he emulates the example of those wise virgins of a by-gone ago, and keeps his lamps trimmed.

Full range of goods for
Men's Wear.
Spring Suits and Overcoats
Made to order.

I. HEVEY

Successeur E. H. Lanctot.

Importateur Direct.

Merchant Tailor Gents' Furnishings.

Tel. Office 351
Tel. Res. 392

P.O. Box 46

DR. W. H. MONET

Surgeon-Dentist,

88 Richelieu St. St. Johns, Que
Above 5-10-15 cts store

Tel. 557

Office hours—9 to 12 a.m.
1 to 5 p.m.

Dr. Armand Gervais, D.D.S.

SURGEON DENTIST

92 Richelieu St., ST. JOHNS

C.P.R. HOTEL

License to sell

Beer and Wine

Open

HOLIDAYS.

A. Roy, Prop.

Bel. Bell 90

L. D. Marchessault

**Tinsmith and
Plumber.**

Corner Richelieu and St-Charles,
ST. JOHNS, P.Q.

Phone 120

Cann & Strickland

**COAL
AND
WOOD.**

21 Richelieu St., St. Johns

Correspondence.

"B" Sqn. Det., R.C.D.,
Sydney Mines, N.S.
July 11th, 1925.

To the Editor of "The Goat"

Sir:—

I take pleasure in giving a few incidents of the above detachment, now doing duty at Sydney Mines, that might interest your readers, and more especially those who know the localities of the strike area and who are personally acquainted with our members of the Squadron.

In the first place "B" Squadron were in Camp at Niagara-on-the Lake when the order came for us to proceed to the Sydney Steel Plant. We entrained with our horses and personnel on Saturday, June 13th, about 10.00 a.m., arriving at Sydney Steel Plant on June 16th, where we detrained and were met by several of our friends from "A" Squadron, who preceded us by a day or so, and who gave us a brief yarn about their attack on the striking miners the night before over at North Sydney, where the strikers had raided the mine company stores, some of the regiment getting some nice "blighties," and it appeared rather strange to us that, after we got the tents up, horse lines down, and everything practically settled down, that an order came about 7 p.m., June 16th, for about fifty men and horses to proceed at once for Sydney Mines, so that there was nothing else to do but pack up once more and get into marching order and proceed to the pier, about a mile distant. On arrival there a small steamer, more like a tug-boat, was waiting for the detachment to cross the harbour. Major Timmis, D.S.O., our O.C., decided to ship half the horses and men at a time, and Oh, My, never shall I forget that damp trip across that bay or harbour; we were all exposed to the waves and spray and rain, and as each wave came rolling along striking the bows, and the small steamer plunging, it was a wonder that we were not all washed overboard. I was No. 1 on the port side, and was drenched through, and also poor old "Duke," my horse, who was snorting, and I know, wished the boat would sink, and I am sure everyone went through the same ordeal. Numbed with exposure, wet and nearly dead, we landed at North Sydney, which seemed like a week instead of probably half an hour, where we disembarked in a downpour of rain, and such rain as only falls on this side (North Sydney), as

one knows who knows this district. However, when we disembarked, we met about forty naval men (as we thought), as they wore slickers and sou'-westers, and after escorting them the streets they boarded a street car, and we proceeded to escort the street car to Sydney Mines, where we subsequently discovered they were special provincial police. After patrolling the streets and dispersing the mobs in two hours, we were sheltered in the power house of the Jubilee mine, where they left the following morning, and apparently, by reports, they do not appear to be very popular. At about 5 a.m. we left the power house to be placed in the Mine Corporation stores, where the strikers had raided the place and left it absolutely bare, breaking all the windows, doors, etc., but after three hours or so the troops made the place presentable by making stables on the ground floor and a barrack room above. This store, where we are now billeted, is 95 feet by 40 feet, so that we have all got plenty of room, both horses and men, and in my opinion it is certainly more comfortable than Stanley Barracks, both as regards stabling, water, and for the men's living quarters too, and there are hot and cold water shower baths at another place, Florence, where we get baths weekly. The rations are very good, considering the cook being "A" Battery, R.C.H.A., and up to the present we have had no sickness, although one or two of us felt queer for a day or two after inoculation. Since our arrival about thirty R.C.H.A.'s have joined us, and our duties consist of guards, picquets and patrols, mounted during the day and dismounted at dusk, and since our arrival we have placed barbed wire around the place. We find the miners very sociable men, mostly Old Country men, and the majority are returned men. One man told me that he was close to Major Timmis when he was wounded in France. We have played both baseball and football matches with them and have won both. Last night our worthy S. S.M. Copeland was invited to the coal heavers' dance, and there he met a Town'y, who by the way is a town councillor, and he has since been noticed, always with him, evidently a real old friend. Si. Hazel is now looking brighter in the eye than ever and the salt air and sun has thoroughly tanned him. His nose is like a strawberry red, and yet he swears he never touches—NO.

Major Timmis, with our old friend, S./Sgt. Ellis, of "A" Squ. recently gave the Sydney people

an exhibition of high diving and swimming at the beach at Sydney, where the people gained a good impression of the regiment's swimming abilities. Major Timmis dived from a board 38 feet high, gaining much applause, and we are hoping to see more of the high diving in the future.

Before concluding, I might mention that Tpr. Taffy Walters met a miner from his town in North Wales, whom he had not seen for thirty years, and since meeting him he has been singing some Welsh songs once a week, and finishes up with saying that this is a "rum place," in which I quite agree with Taffy.

From your humble servant,

TOM DUFF.

SHOULD BE STOPPED. AT ONCE

Mrs. Fibbins has written to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

"Whatever for?"

"She wants to know if something can be done to prevent horses being scratched. She is sure it must be very painful, because her husband, a racing man is sometimes quite upset, and she hears him groan in his sleep about a horse being scratched.

The following appeared under a picture in one of Quebec's leading papers: "Trained to Defend Our Coasts.—Cadets at the Coast Guard Academy at New London, Conn., lined up for inspection." Have we really annexed the U.S. A. at last?

Sgt. Henderson's arrival at St. Johns coincided with an accident to the gramophone belonging to the Station Sergeants Mess. As the instrument has not been repaired up to the present we wonder if it has been really missed.

Unlucky motorist (having killed lady's puppy): "Madam, I will replace the animal."

Indignant Owner: "Sir, you flatter yourself."

"You have a bad tooth. I would have it out if I were you."

"So would I if I were you."

Agnes made an angel cake For her darling Harry's sake; "Harry, you a piece must take!"

This she meant.
Harry ate it, every crumb;
Then he heard the angels hum,
Calling softly, "Harry, come!"
Harry went.



16A McGill College Avenue
MONTREAL

Base Ball? Swimming?

Whatever the sport, Spalding equipment will help you get the most out of it.

You don't "take chances" with anything Spalding. The materials are the finest, the workmanship highest and the design as modern as 50 years of correct manufacture can produce.

If it's Spalding's, It's Right!

A. G. Spalding & Bros

of Canada, Limited.



Sports.

On Saturday afternoon, July 11th, the garrison at Sydney Mines played the Old Country Athletic Club at association football. The game was very even and very clean, in fact there was plenty of light-hearted fun intermingled with the game. It was very hot, the first warm day we have had. Two future players for "B" Squadron were noticed in Tpr. Hobbs, who played a good defence game, using his eyes well, although we understand his real place is in the forward line. The other is Tpr. Lewis, who should be very useful in the inside of the forward line. Tpr. Crowe also played a useful defensive game. Bdr. Ginete and Gnr. MacVergan were the outstanding players of the Artillery. The game resulted in a win for the home team by two goals to one. The garrison team was:

Cpl. Simpkin, R.C.D., goal; Tpr. Crowe, R.C.D., and Tpr. Hobbs, R.C.D., full backs; Boy Daybell, R.C.A., Bdr. Smith, R.C.A., Major Timmis, R.C.D., half backs; Bdr. Myke, R.C.A., Farr. Sgt. Sturgess, R.C.D., Gnr. MacKee-gan, R.C.A., Tpr. Lewis, R.C.D., and Tpr. Barker, R.C.D., forwards.

Owing to lack of space it is impossible to give more than a very brief account of the numerous athletic events enjoyed during our sojourn among the citizens of Glace Bay and Reserve. Our activities were varied and numerous and thoroughly enjoyed by all ranks. We heartily recommend them to our comrades-in-arms of the R.C.A. as beneficial to both man and horse.

The Wild Goose Chase

This was a very popular form of amusement among the troops and heartily endorsed by C.A.F. Headquarters. Teams consisted of from one officer and twenty other ranks to eight other ranks, all mounted. At an unknown hour, usually just before or during dinner, a telephone message was received to immediately dispatch a patrol to a given point, preferably a place inaccessible to horses, and disperse a mob (imaginary) which was assembling to annoy employees (also imaginary) of the Besco. In order to vary the proceedings and avoid overheating the horses, this form of sport was also participated in at night, the wetter the night the better the sport. Teams from 'A' Squadron and 'B' Squadron were entered, but though many inducements were held out to our comrades in the infantry they found themselves unable to take part. The standing of the league on our departure was, Cavalry 16, Mobs 0.

"Spoofing" or Protecting the Provincial Police,

This game was inaugurated at Dominion and soon spread through the area. Three teams were chosen, one from the cavalry, one from the police, and one from the juvenile portion of the mining areas. At a given time the police team, usually 25 strong, would assemble at some point and call for help. The cavalry then rushed madly to their assistance and formed a screen between them and the juveniles. The police, in the meanwhile, found all sorts of clever ruses to entice the cavalry away. Some of the cleverest ones were lights signalling from motors, stores being raided, and gangs

from one town visiting another. In order to make the sides more evenly balanced the teams were chosen in a ratio of ten police to one cavalryman. Lieut. Chawick's "B" Squadron team were the winners with the highest aggregate of "false alarms" during one sitting.

Hide and Go Seek ..

This sport was a favourite one between Dominion and Reserve. The police esconced themselves in Dominion Mine No. 1, and called for assistance from Reserve. When the cavalry arrived it was their duty to try and find the police, who had hidden away in the cunningest places. The juveniles in the meantime assembled and surrounded both teams. The police were very efficient at this sport, and try as they might, the cavalry could not get them out. The pitching of the juveniles was worthy of mention. For the police Sergeant White was the winner, while for the cavalry Capt. Drury and Major Sawers were the most consistent performers.

"Lights Out," or the Mysterious Car.

This was a favourite game among the miners, and required no elaborate paraphernalia. A motor car without license plates and with the lights turned off would appear in some locality and word would be immediately sent to the cavalry. The fun then commenced, and lasted until the small hours of the morning. Hither and thither the bewildered patrol would go, and the further they went the more cars would appear in other areas. Frequently a fire was lighted to aid the searchers in the gloom and the hunted car would invariably appear in that locality with true sporting instinct.

The Situation in the Pacific.

(Continued from last month)

Recent events in China may give the impression that a military spirit is becoming prevalent there, and that the present system of Tuchuns, all at loggerheads with one another, reducing the government of the country to a state of chaos, may be followed some day by the rise of a super-Tuchun, another Yuan Shi Kai, who would first consolidate his own power, and then direct it against us Europeans. It is conceivable if we imagine such a man merely asserting the sovereignty, independence, territorial and administrative integrity of China. It is not conceivable if we imagine any active designs against us; any threat to our Dominions and Possessions in the Pacific. It is conceivable that young people of today may live to see China an independent State in the same sense that Japan is, having done away with extra-territoriality, and compelled us to deal with her as an equal, not an inferior Power. But from that to becoming an active menace to other nations is a far cry. It is not necessary for us to trouble ourselves about that possibility for the present.

I can, however, see no limits to the expansion of the Chinese, if, after assimilating our knowledge of science and hygiene, they increase and multiply even more rapidly than at present. It is appalling to think that if they multiply even at the same rate as we do—and our rate of increase is not very rapid—they must have added sixty millions to their population since I was in China as a subaltern! Sixty million! and the whole population of the United Kingdom is

only about 43 million! A force like this is, as I said before, something elemental which it passes the wit of man to cope with. Nature alone can cope with it. She has hitherto kept down that immense population by various means—partly by an extra strenuous application of the law of survival of the fittest, in various forms of plague, pestilence and famine; partly by visitations like the Taiping Rebellion, which is said to have cost some 15 million lives; partly by physical agencies like the Yangtze shifting its course from one bed to the other and drowning people like swarms of insects. In what way she will deal with the problems of a new China which has adopted Western scientific methods and engineering we cannot attempt to foretell.

In the present consideration of every problem that arises, we have one question to ask ourselves: What is the best line to take for the welfare of the Empire?—remembering always that it is our duty to lead the world, and not to follow anybody. If there were any way of obtaining the Chinese and Japanese opinion as a whole, it would be seen that we stand higher in their regard than any other Power. I am inclined to agree with the author of that excellent new work "Western Civilisation and the Far East," Lieut. Commander Stephen King Hall, R.N., that the reason for this is that in our dealings with them we have never made professions of idealism, which they do not understand, but have gone on straightforward business lines, which they can grasp. We have, too, the initial advantage of standing high in the regard of all Asiatic races. They naturally do not like us, partly because they do not go in for altruism and universal love, but still more because it would be too much to expect anyone to like strangers who come in at a gate unbidden and refuse to go away again. Without liking us, however, they respect us, and if we remain the strong and straightforward people we have been, they will continue to respect us.

If we keep before us the idea of a strong and united Empire we shall avoid mistakes that others have made. I have already alluded to a Japanese idea on the outbreak of the Great War, that if China were allowed to come in on the side of the Allies it would lead to an awakening of her 400 million people, and would be a menace to Japan. That is an unworthy notion. Japan can never lead the Asiatic races, as she aspires to do, if she is afraid of them and keeps them in bondage; and they will

not be worth leading. The Japanese make a mistake in suppressing or trying to suppress the Chinese. If they had been more large-minded they could have by this time bound the Chinese to them by bonds of gratitude, and made themselves all-powerful in the Western Pacific.

If we keep to our Imperial ideals we shall also avoid the mistake certain Americans are making in exasperating the Japanese by their immigration laws. I have never seen any reason given for supposing that the "Gentlemen's Agreement" of 1908, by which Japan herself undertook to restrict immigration into the United States, was not sufficient. So far as an outsider can see, it would appear that extremist opinion has prevailed over more moderate counsels, and that something has been done that was uncalled for. The Japanese will not forget it; no self-respecting nation would. I am afraid there has been a lack of generosity of the side of the Americans of late, and I devoutly hope my countrymen will take note of it, and banish every thought of jealousy and fear from their minds.

It appears to me to be inevitable that a conflict should occur some day in the Pacific, but it may not take the obvious form of a fight between two nations like Japan and the United States. The leaders of Japan are too shrewd to take on such a colossal fight with their present resources, and the United States is not likely to initiate such a war. It is much more likely to be a struggle between East and West; between two civilisations, Oriental and Occidental; between their idea of Contentment and our idea of Progress. A struggle of that kind is not to be settled by a war. We have the example of the last war to prove that: it has settled nothing. The conflict between France and Germany is as bitter as ever; so is the so-called conflict between Capital and Labour; while a new plague has arisen, Bolshevism, the final effect of which no man can foretell.

When this huge conflict in the Pacific does come, it will take a course as unexpected as that of the Great War, and produce still more frightful results. But we cannot prevent it by saying "Oh! how dreadful!" We shall do better to admit that it will come, and shape our policy accordingly. In my humble opinion, the best preparation we can make is, by every word, thought, and act, to help to consolidate the British Empire; above all, to have things in good order here, in the United Kingdom, because the Empire will al-

ways depend upon the Mother Country, and our destinies in the Pacific will be unrolled here, in London. This in our own interests, but also in the interests of others. The development of China; the future progress of Japan; the revival of Russia in the Far East; the racial and economic problems of the United States on her Pacific seaboard; the security of Australia and New Zealand—all these will be effected, for better or for worse, by the condition of the British Empire as a whole. The destinies of the Pacific, which are the destinies of half the globe, depend more than we realise on this little island of ours, whose sons "are neither children nor gods, but men in a world of men."

"PETER PAN, OF COURSE."

Let me introduce you to a little friend of mine named Kicksie, a sandy-haired cherub with eager grey eyes, and a tongue that prattles unceasingly. Kicksie is not his baptismal name. We call him so for sufficient lucid reasons. For his outdoor passion is football, and at six years old he could show as sturdy a pair of calves

as the average boy of twice that age.

One night he was heard talking to an invisible playmate. The event was so unusual he was holding this animated colloquy.

"It's only Peter."

"Who is Peter?"

"Why, Peter Pan, of course!"

Kicksie had been reading Barrie's delightful Kensington Garden romance, in the edition illustrated by Rackham.

"But Peter Pen," protested the mother, "doesn't exist. He is merely a character in a book. Mr. Barrie the great author, made Peter out of his head. I thought you knew that?"

Kicksie laughed, as at some huge joke.

"Peter told me all about Mr. Barrie," he declared scornfully, "And Peter says just the opposite out of his head!"—From "The Unknown," by J. M. Stuart-Young in the Occult Review.

A Chinaman believes that if he dies abroad his soul will wander among strangers forever. In view of the recent disturbances in the East we would urge the League of Nations to look into this and see that all natives die in China.

This is the time to give your order for an automobile, so you may have it for the fine weather.

We invite you to come and make your choice from the following:

FORD
Six models

DODGE BROTHERS
Seven models

and Seventeen models of the
STUDEBAKER line.

We will be pleased to give you a demonstration at any time if requested.

GREGOIRE'S GARAGE
32 Champlain St. Phone 460

Imperial Theatre St. Johns

Always
the best
Films and
Attractions.

For further particulars
Phone 20.

For over 100 years we have been making good shoes for men, and we think most of the Officers of the Canadian Military forces are wearing, or have worn

Dack's
SHOES
for
MEN

Dack's Riding and Field Boots, also Walking Boots, are unexcelled for quality of leather and workmanship.

Write for style book and self-measurement chart.

Sold only direct by mail or at our own shops

Dack's
LIMITED
73 WEST KING ST.
TORONTO

Branches:

319 Fort St. - Mount Royal Hotel - Winnipeg
Montreal

FOR OVER 100 YEARS MAKING SHOES FOR MEN

The Goat is printed by E. R. Smith Co., Limited, General Printers, St. Johns, P.Q.

THE HEART O' A HORSE

The only way to treat a hoss
Is like a pard an' friend,
Let love an' kindness be the boss,
An' you'll win in the end!

A hoss has got a heap o' pride
An' feelings fine an' true;
He's got a heart beneath his hide,
The same as me an' you!

He wants to step with head held high,
An' courage in his gait,
An' light o' freedom in his eye,
Uncowed by lack o' hate;

He wants to feel his blood run swift
An' let his nostrils flare;
An' know he's got the precious gift
O' breathin' God's free air!

He may bow down to spur an' quirt,
An' quiver 'neath the smart;
His flesh can stand the bitter hurt
But what about his heart?

He craves the feel o' human touch
He's neither dumb, nor blind;
An' he'll respond to it heap much
The love o' humankind!

A hoss can't speak an' tell folks what
He's thinkin' in his head.
He has to keep his mouth tigh shut,
Till he rolls over dead.

He can't explain a cockle burr
Is drillin' in his hide;
Or say in words that quirt an' spur
Are killin' him inside!

If they could speak like you an' me,
They'd surely make it plain
That they've got feelin's we can't see,
Who hold the bridle rein.

So handle 'em gentle hand'
An' from the very start
They'll try to make you understand
The love that's in thtir heart.
—Hugh McDonald, Toronto.

A certain farmer was observed by his wife to be unusually pen-sive. "A penny for your thoughts!" she remarked.

"I was thinking my dear," he said, "what epitaph I should put on your tombstone."

As his spouse was in perfect health, naturally, she resented this undue thoughtfulness.

"Oh, that's very simple," she responded briskly. "Just put wife of the Above."

Bran Mash.

"Say It With Bricks"

Notice on a card in a Glace Bay ice cream parlour: "Remember your family and take an ice cream brick home with you."

Barber, to "The Duke": "Your hair is getting very thin on top, sir."

The Duke: "Yes, I know it is."

Barber: "Have you used our hair food, sir?"

The Duke: "Oh no; it isn't that."

Small boy (watching military drill) "Daddy, why does that officer just count up to four?"

Mathematical professor: "If you saw him in my class, Sonny, you'd understand."

Corporal: "Hey, you, why haven't you shaved?"

Private: "There were six others using the mirror and I think I shaved somebody else."

Kindly old gentleman: "Afraid to cross the street, my little man? Why didn't you hold on to your mother's skirt?"

Small boy: "Please, sir, I couldn't reach it."

Song of a Junior Subaltern

Dickory, dickory, dock,
My clothes are all in hock;
It's not a bit funny,
But women cost money,
So all I've got left is a sock.

Wife (as sugar is being passed) "Use the tongs, William."
Bill: "It ain't hot, is it?"

MacTavish had spent an evening at a friend's house listening to a radio programme. At its conclusion his host said: "Well, Mac, what more could a Scotchman want than that; music, opera and news, and all for nothing. "Ay, mon," replied the Scot sorrowfully, "but here were no acrobats."

He married a telephone girl. Two years later she presented him with triplets. "Still giving me the wrong number," he exclaimed.

A young soldier "went sick" at Sydney, Complained of a pain in his kidney;

Quoth the M.O.: "Young man, You may not give a dam, But you'll be sorry if you don't heed me."

Our idea of an optimist is the old soldier who told a recruit that the miners in Cape Breton could not hurt one as they only mined soft coal.

Are pyamas regulation fatigue dress?

Little girl: "Mother said she found a fly in the last cake you sold her."

Grocer: "Very sorry. Tell your mother to send the fly back and I'll give her a raisin in place of it."

Many an unmusical girl has a favourite him.

An Aberdonian gave each of his seven children a penny. "Mon," said his friend, "it's an awful waste." "Whish, Sandy," he replied, "the bairns think the gas meter is a money box, and they keep us in light all the year round."

It's perhaps more than a coincidence that the initials of Cape Breton should be similar to a minor term of army punishment.

We are pleased to state that "Witchcraft" is bearing the hard grind of strike duty as well as can be expected.

New Waterford, July 8th—In some of these jokes to point is often mistaken to apply to an individual, and some smart fellow uses it on his friend, telling him or her the Post Reporter is having a dig at you in that story, and the unfortunate thing is that one person in a thousand can be made to believe it. All storys are general isations. When they are on a man they are on the species when they are on a nationality they never apply to an individual, when they are on a woman they are on the sex and might be told of Eve. Even when we mention names the joke is meant on the nationality of the individual, and we make the admission very seldom do we stick too closely to the truth in order to make fun. This explanation is made to eradicate an impression conveyed to the mind of a lady in town by a friend, that she was the butt of a joke, told about a year ago. The story today is about the Post Reporter and as truthful as the rest. Two neighbor women were discussing the Post Reporter and just how drunk he was last Saturday night. One said, "I tell you he was full. No 2 said "but I know he don't drink at all, not very much anyhow." No 1 "He was full on Saturday night and I can prove it." No 2

"How can you prove it." Well, he was standing for an hour in his yard arguing with Mayor Muise that he had better hens than the Mayor had. No 2. "That doesn't prove he was drunk, a sober man might naturally think his own hens the best and stick up for them, that is no proof that he had even a jag on." No 1 "Oh, that's all right enough, but the point is, Mayor Muise wasn't there at all." Aint we a wild devil.

It is easier to begin at the bottom than to keep from ending there.

The reporter from London was interviewing the oldest inhabitant of a rural village who had just completed his century. "And have you been married?" asked the newspaper man with interest. Married," echoed the hale and hearty old man, "married I should think I have been. Four wives I've had....and what's more one of them was a good 'un."

A new version of an old line:—On with the dance; let joy be unrefined.

A stranger wandered into a hotel in a wild part of Texas and passed the time by watching four tough citizens playing poker. Suddenly the tender-foot was thunderstruck to see the dealer slip an ace up his sleeve in expert fashion and a moment later this enterprising player scooped the pool.

"Look here," cried the spectator excitedly "that fellow is cheating I saw him deliberately slip an ace up his sleeve." No sensation greeted this announcement, but at length one of the players looked up and drawled: "Well it was his deal wasn't it?"

Sandy went to have a tooth drawn, and when he arrived in the chamber of torture he began fum-

bling amongst the change in his pocket. "It's all right," said the agony purveyor cheerfully, there's no necessity to pay until the operation is over. "Ah wasna goin' tae pay," explained the victim sourly, "I only wanted to find how much I had before you gave me the gas."

Waggish Diner (with menu)—Chicken croquetes, eh? I say, waiter what part of the chicken is the croquette?

Waiter—The part that's left over from the day before, sir.

"Sometimes you have to knock a man unconscious to keep him quiet, so that you can save him from drowning."

"Yes" replied the abrupt person "and the time to do it is when he first begins to rock the boat."

As a great treat MacDonald took his wife and three of a family to the theatre. But they arrived rather late, and the gallery and pit were already full. When Mac went to the booking office the haughty young damsel therein snapped. "Nothing but five shillings seats left now." "Well," said the Scot with a shake of his head, it's terrible expensive, but I'll take the five."

"That young woman with all those jewels carved out here own fortune."

"Nonsense. She's an ex-chorus girl. She didn't carve out her own fortune. She married a millionaire." Yes, but think how many other chorus girls she had to cut out to marry him.

A Soot applied for a position as patrolman on the London police force. Here is a question they put to him in Scotland Yard and his answer:

"Suppose, MacFarlane, you saw a crowd congregated at a certain point on your beat how would you disperse it, quickly and with the

least trouble?"

"I would pass the hat."

Wrote an elderly spinster from Denbigh to her sister who lives up in Tenbigh.

"I have lived by myself,

Till I'm now on the shelf:

So tell me, pray where can the membiche"

Mrs. De Trop (who is shortsighted)—"Good morning, Mrs. Simpkins. Your husband must be very fond of gardening. I see him first thing every morning down in the bottom of the garden. And how well he looks to be sure."

Mrs. Simpkin turned her back and slammed the door in her neighbor's face. The latter, aghast went to tell her daughter.

"And you told her, mother, that the thing in the onion bed was her husband!"

"Of course I did."

"Well, that's a scarecrow!"

He is a wise man who knows what not to say—provided he does not say it.

A Pitiable Victim of H. C. L.—At his club one evening a famous judge was introduced to a well-known business man who is not above boasting of the large income he possesses.

With the apparent purpose of impressing those about him, the business man remarked that, as nearly as he could tell, his income exceeded £20,000.

"I must make as much as that," he said. "Why, it costs me £16,000 a year to live."

"Dear me," remarked the judge blandly. "Really, that's too much I wouldn't pay it—it isn't worth it!"

Hammond: "I can read my wife like a book."

Hallet: "I'll bet you can't shut her up as easily."

Patient: "Good-morning! I called to see if the doctor couldn't give me something for my tonsils.

New Maid: "I'm sorry, sir, but the doctor never buys tonsils—he removes them."

Teacher: "Tommy, your arithmetic paper is very poor. I shall have to write to your father

Tommy: "Give him fitts, teacher. He did that paper."

An absent-minded man was straphanging in a tramcar. He swayed to and fro. Finally the conductor said him, can I help you?" "Yes," replied the man "hold the strap while I get my fare out."

ANTHONY MOLE
HARDWARE MERCHANT
534 Queen Street, West

TELEPHONE—TRINITY 0333

PROMPT DELIVERY

PRICES RIGHT



Half Pound
Tin 80c.

Canada's Standard **BRIER**



Packages
15c & 20c.

The Tobacco with a heart



12 for 15c.

British Consols Cigarettes

Also in attractive tins of 50 & 100

ON SALE AT THE CANTEEN



20 for 25c.

ESTABLISHED 1790

D O W

ALE & STOUT

Malt Extract

The Standard of Strength
and Quality.

By Appointment



To H.M. King George V

J.R. Gaunt & Son (Canada) Co. LIMITED

358-360 St. Catherine Street West

Established MONTREAL 200 Years

SWORD MANUFACTURERS

Presentation Plate	Badges	Military Equipment
Rose Bowls	Buttons	of all kinds
Challenge Caps	Medals	Gold and Silver Lacemen
Sport Trophies	Decorations	Art Metal Workers

Sterling Silver and Electro Plated Wares

Contractors to the Canadian, English and
Foreign Governments.

TROPHIES

We have just published a special Presentation and
Sports' Trophy list.

Write for an illustrated copy.

Known all over the world, we offer you our ser-
vices.

Our Montreal Factory is entirely at your disposal.

We have exceptional value in cups.

Do not fail to ask for quotations.

Goods sent on approval at our own risk.

Mappin & Webb
CANADA - LIMITED

353 St. Catherine Street West, Montreal
Jewellers Goldsmiths Silversmiths

GO TO

OMER GAMACHE

The People's Store

For choice GROCERIES and
Kitchen Utensils of all kinds.

For BEER and PORTER of all
brands.

We also carry an assortment of
DRY GOODS of various lines

Telephone 150

2 Market Place

St. Johns

DOW DOW DOW

WELL HIT, SIR !

The keen eye and sure judgment applaud a
neat stroke, Cavalry and Infantry men are
noted judges of most good things. When
they want the best - A L E - they ask for
"DOW."

"The correct call"

The beer that made the Cavalry Barracks famous

BENOIT & CO.,
Agents for DOW'S ALE

62 Jacques Cartier St.

St. Johns, Que.